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THE RHINELANDER CASE was decided exactly as it should have been. Judge Morschauser's charge was a model of fairness and the jury came to the only conclusion that the facts could warrant. With every outward aspect of benevolence and dignity, Judge Mills, counsel for young Rhinelander, did his best to win the case on grounds of prejudice. He appealed to the lowest impulses of a bourgeois, male, white jury. He attempted to make it appear that a union was "unnatural" between Rhinelander and a girl who was so nearly white that his young client was supposed to have been unable to detect her trace of color. He emphasized her family's humble circumstances and even dragged into the courtroom an early misstep of her mother. He solemnly insisted upon the essential responsibility of the woman in the case: if she were not scheming and vicious as well as loose she would have resisted the admitted advances of the young man who, even while he made those advances, was presumed to have been both guileless and beguiled. The jury stood out against the seductions of all these forms of prejudice; and the judge helped to make possible a verdict which paid no respect to wealth or social standing or even a white skin. And now, it is to be hoped, a decent separation will immediately be arranged between two people who are already divorced by bitterness and public opinion and the obscene exposure of their private affairs.

THE ANTHRACITE MINERS accepted Governor Pinchot's plan for the settlement of the strike, but the operators returned to their ivory tower. Why? Because the plan contemplated the one thing which the embattled operators will apparently die to prevent—the opening of their books to the light of day. Over their dead bodies must we find the true profits of the industry, its capacity to pay increased wages, its capacity to stand a reduction in prices. The Freylinghuysen legislation was designed to get publicity for the accounting records. The Coal Commission in 1923 made that its primary recommendation. Governor Pinchot's plan rightly treats it as the foundation-stone of a lasting settlement. Until we know what the monopoly is earning, what untold millions those depletion accounts are hiding, all else is wind and foam. How long, Mr. Operator, will your greed keep facts in the dark, and the public in the cold?

THE "HEATHEN CHINEE" turns the other cheek! It was only a few weeks ago that the Director of Public Safety of Cleveland, Edwin D. Barry, baffled by the inability of his police force to solve a tong murder, herded an entire Chinese population to jail. When the murderer finally confessed, the Hip Sing Tong emerged lily-white and immaculate, and proceeded to hold its convention in Cleveland. The meeting was quiet, orderly, and well conducted. The climax came on November 29, when the tong gave a banquet to policemen, judges, lawyers, and newspapermen of the city. Even Mr. Barry received an invitation. He, however, made it plain to reporters that he would not attend. Since the invitations specified "and family," so many wives, cousins, friends, and friends-of-friends responded that there was not room for all the guests in the King Fong restaurant, where the dinner was held. The overflow was taken to another restaurant in taxis furnished by the Hip Sing Tong. Both Chinese and American food was served. Chinese and American orchestras played alternately. Chinese and Americans were the after-dinner speakers. The Chinese beamed with hospitality and good-will. The Americans essayed ponderous compliments and recalled instances where Chinese had surprised them by acting, oddly enough, just like anybody else! All of them carefully avoided mention of Barry's outrage, except to speak in guarded terms of the "late unpleasantness." It remained for old Wong Bowe, a prominent tong leader, to state names, places, and facts. He exonerated Barry handsomely. After all, the raid had reacted to the greater glory of justice and the Hip Sing Tong. It was all for the best, said Wong Bowe.

THE SESSION OF CONGRESS has opened well so far as the Progressives are concerned. Those in the House have refused to be cajoled or bought or frightened into coming back to the reservation and being "good" Republicans again, and young Senator La Follette has been much too wise to fall into the trap vainly set in his sight—he has refused, as did his father, to enter the Republican caucus. Therefore war to the knife is on, with such dire

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punishment as Speaker Longworth and Senator Butler can mete out. That is exactly what we had hoped for. We want the rift in the party to continue. With the Democrats destitute of principle and leadership, this handful of Progressives constitute the only effective opposition in Congress. They can at least keep alive the spirit of revolt and the spirit of progress; if they were not there we should hardly hear a voice of protest against the deliberate turning over of the country to big business. To further that purpose the Longworth machine in the House has reverted practically to the Cannon rules by increasing the 150 signatures necessary to take a bill from a committee and bring it before the House to 218, an exact majority. This means "democratic government" in the House by the dominating few who operate the steam-roller. As for Mr. Coolidge, his promised fiery denunciation of the Western farmer-radicals turns out to be a tame affair. He had the pleasure of proving to his own satisfaction how completely the tariff protects the farmer, but he made one serious slip for a protectionist. He admitted that the domestic price *is* raised by the tariff on imports, and thereby he gave the whole tariff graft away.

MR. GREEN, president of the American Federation of Labor, has followed up his new wage policy with a speech to engineers. It is an important speech. He has told the Taylor Society and the management division of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers that labor is eager to cooperate with management in eliminating waste. The sorts of waste which labor is especially interested in reducing are unemployment, wide price fluctuations, lack of standardization, unsanitary working conditions, accident hazards, lack of continuity in employment. Mr. Green does not believe that this cooperation and assistance can be brought about through the medium of company unions. Such trained seals have no initiative, no will of their own. There is no meeting of minds, and true cooperation becomes impossible. Neither does Mr. Green withdraw labor's opposition to the alleged elimination of waste through excessive speeding up. The piece-work program of the early school of scientific management was a carrot in front of the donkey's nose. It has had its day, and no cooperation is possible on such a basis. So far, so good. But what made the speech important was that Mr. Green appealed not to the owners of industry but straight to the technical managers. "Financial changes have taken place, until now through the diversified ownership of corporations, management control has supplanted personal-ownership control." He proposes an alliance between those who between them operate industry—the worker and the technician.

WE ARE GLAD OF IT—glad and not greatly surprised to learn that quadrupling the postal rate on newspapers and periodicals mailed by individuals (meaning you, gentle reader) has resulted in an actual shrinkage in receipts from that source, although the purpose was, by increasing revenue, to help to meet higher salaries. It was obvious at a glance that the revised postal rates fixed at the last session of Congress were, in general, ill-considered and unjust, but sticking out like a sore thumb among the rest was the action whereby the cost of mailing periodicals, although left practically unchanged for publishers, was increased to the general public from a rate of one cent for four ounces to a charge of two cents for every two ounces. Thus a reader of *The Nation* who a year ago could mail an ordinary thirty-two page issue to a friend for one cent now has to pay four cents. Since this extraordinary increase has resulted in a loss of revenue, Postmaster General New has decided to recommend that the present rate be reduced by one-half. That will still leave it twice as high as before, but some increase is not unreasonable. Experience so far indicates that the recent postal increases as a whole will give added revenues of about $32,000,000 a year, or not quite half of the amount added to the pay roll. Congress will have to tackle the postal rates again this winter, and we hope will make a better job of it than last time.

HAITI IS CARRYING ON. Ten years ago, while Europe was engrossed in the World War, the United States took advantage of an uprising to land troops in the republic, although neither foreign lives nor property was endangered. A President of our choosing and a treaty by which Haiti surrendered much of her sovereignty were forced upon the people, and in 1917 a new constitution which Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, has boasted he himself wrote was presented for adoption. When the Legislature refused to accept it, that body was dissolved and Haiti has since been under American military rule with a certain number of native puppets as window-dressing. Even the Roosevelt constitution provides for the election of a legislature every other year, but the American occupation, violating its own instrument, has denied the right. When the term of Puppet-President Dartiguenave expired in 1922 our military dictators, acting under some exceedingly doubtful "transitory provisions" of the Roosevelt constitution, had their hand-picked Council of State elect a successor in Louis Borno. His term expires next year and a legislature to choose his successor should be elected on January 10. Puppet-President Borno has refused to call such an election, but the Patriotic Union is urging voters to go to the polls (which are to be open for the selection of some minor officials) and cast ballots for a new legislature anyhow. In retaliation the representatives of American democracy have again clapped into jail Jolibois, the editor of the *Courrier Haitien*, and have seized his printing plant. The spirit of the Haitians is splendid. If they can keep up the fight, we of the United States will recognize some day that we have been guilty of grand larceny and will demand that the receivers of the loot disgorge.

THE MATTEOTTI TRIAL will not take place until January; meanwhile the cheerful farce continues. All but the five presumable assassins have been released, including Cesare Rossi, Giovanni Marinelli, and Filippo Filippelli, who by their own confessions or that of others actively implicated were not without foreknowledge of the plot. At the same time a most extraordinary set of findings has just been issued by the Court of Public Prosecutions. Exonerating everyone concerned in the matter of "premeditated murder," the court takes pains to explain why it was impossible for Matteotti's death to have been anything but accidental. In the first place, Matteotti was not an important figure in the Socialist Party and no one would ever have thought of murdering him; he was not murdered in order to gain possession of certain secret documents, because all witnesses have combined to testify that the docu

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ments never existed; he was kidnapped in broad daylight under the most public circumstances, which would indubitably indicate that nothing so violent as murder was contemplated; he was murdered a considerable distance from the scene of the kidnapping, and it would obviously have been simpler, if murder had been planned in the first place, to do away with him on the spot; finally, a strong chain was found in the possession of one of the conspirators, which of course proves that nothing like murder was ever intended. The court, therefore, is happy to release all but the five unfortunates who inadvertently did the Socialist deputy to death. Since the unlucky Matteotti had the bad taste to engage in a struggle with them in which he was killed, it is not quite possible to charge them only with the crime of kidnapping. But sufficient thought on the part of the court will doubtless discover that murder with intent to kidnap is, after all, only a minor offense, and the case will be closed pleasantly for everyone.

A COMPANY CALLED British Pictures has announced plans for the establishment of a large motion-picture studio near London, and thus offers the latest of many proposals for the development of the languishing film industry of Great Britain. For a number of years the vision of possible profits has made more acute the patriotic fear lest English audiences should be completely Americanized through the cinema, and a law requiring all theaters to exhibit a certain number of British films has been seriously considered. Yet in spite of all efforts British pictures have never been either good enough or numerous enough to count for anything. Meanwhile America, far from having any similar cause for worry, is faced with the possibility of seeing the theater itself become merely an appendage to this too prosperous industry. William Fox, president of the Fox Film Company, has undertaken to finance five New York theatrical producers merely in order to secure the picture rights to such plays as attain sufficient popular success to make them promising film ventures. Since any dramatic production must be completely rewritten before it is filmed, the only advantage to be gained by having it performed as a play is the publicity and prestige which it receives. Thus Mr. Fox's action is essentially nothing more than an attempt to reduce the New York theater to the position of an advertising medium for the movies.

IN THIS ERA of Calvin Coolidge it is worth more than passing notice that the League for Industrial Democracy is getting ready to celebrate its twentieth birthday. It may well feel proud that it has survived the war and post-war changes in American thought and is today stronger and more active than ever before. To be sure, in the course of these twenty years the league has changed its name and somewhat altered its scope. But it has always kept the line of historic continuity. Beginning in 1905 as the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, under the auspices of such men as Jack London, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and Upton Sinclair, it has steadily kept before itself its educational mission in our colleges. Last year its officers spoke in some 142 colleges and universities scattered all over the United States. It was the father of the recently formed American Committee on Justice to China and has set up under its auspices a working Committee on Coal and Super Power which issued the important proposals for permanent peace in the coal fields outlined in our last issue [page 641]. The man more responsible than any other for these years of successful activity is Harry W. Laidler, who has been connected with the society from the start. He will preside at the birthday dinner on December 30, when twenty years of social pioneering will be celebrated by the friends of the league and of the cause of industrial freedom.

COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS are usually as unsatisfactory to the students who try to read them as they are to all adult outsiders. The conservatism of youth is nowhere more depressing than it is on campuses where undergraduate editors never, apparently, so much as try to avoid the traditional extremes on the one hand of the sickly-aesthetics literary monthly and on the other hand of the athletic daily designed for adolescent Babbitts. Hence the distinction of a new publication at the University of Wisconsin edited by John Schindler and Carl Rakosi. The *Issue* will appear monthly, but it has utterly cast off the form of the conventional college monthly devoted, as one of the editorials in the first number puts it, "solely to the moon, stars, flowers, love, and the general frustrations of the English Department." It looks like a daily, yet in turn it has cast off the "naughty-naughty geniality" of the typical campus newspaper, and it puts a positive taboo upon such subjects as football, fraternities, and petting. The remarkable thing about the *Issue*, if it keeps up, will be its combination of critical seriousness and lively intelligence. This first number, being concerned in the main with university policies, really bites into its subject with articles on The Wisconsin Idea, The Wisconsin Plan, President Frank, and—by corollary—Progressivism in Politics. Extraordinarily able book reviews round out a number dedicated on the whole to "something more than the ordinary run of college puns and infantile sentiments." We wish the *Issue* all success; and we sincerely hope that we do not miss its forthcoming article on Magazines One Need Not Read.

IN ORDER THAT our readers may have a breath of the bracing, intellectual air that pervades American colleges, we quote the following editorial from the *Daily Maroon* of the University of Chicago for October 14:

> The rushing of high-school athletes for the university is now the business of the Intramural Department. . . .
>
> This committee is a regularly organized activity, maintaining offices the year round. Its work is necessary if the university is to maintain its present position in intercollegiate athletics. Through its work, which last year was concentrated into the few days of the interscholastic meets, many promising high-school boys who would normally have gone to their State universities were induced to come here.
>
> The new division of responsibility, coupled with the now continuous advice of the Athletic Department, will make for far greater efficiency than ever before and for a selection of high-school athletes from the whole nation. We lose many men every year who might bring credit to us through the naturally stronger appeal of the State universities. We are compelled to counteract this attraction by intensive though rigidly honorable methods. Since this is so, we must use the best tactics possible in assembling athletes from the whole country.

Noble work! Three cheers for the professional athletics which college students fondly imagine are amateur! Long live higher education!

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Militarizing America's Youth

WHAT happened in the Great War, fought ostensibly to end war, to turn American college campuses into parade grounds? What facts in the present situation lead us to trust for the preservation of peace to the military training of high-school boys? It is time that we Americans should face these questions squarely and ask ourselves where we are going.

The War Department thinks it knows. It is using military training in high schools, colleges, and summer camps as the nearest thing it can get to universal military training and service. In General Pershing's language it is popularizing "by all available methods" the "preparation for military service." These methods include compulsion in some 197 secondary schools and colleges wherever complaisant trustees can be found to enforce it. They include all sorts of rewards and blandishments from cash to glory where compulsion as yet is not or cannot be applied. They include also plain misrepresentation. Thus American fathers and mothers are assured by the preface of the Junior Reserve Officers' Training Corps Manual: "The purpose of this book is not to make soldiers out of your boys but to develop them physically, morally, and mentally into the best type of citizens, capable of defending our flag should anything arise." The army officers are officially instructed: "Always remember that men are the material being trained and molded for the work of battle. . . . They are being trained to be soldiers." And the students are told: "Success in battle, whether attack or defense, is the aim of all military training."

Such are some of the facts that have been brought out in the recent revolt of the students in colleges as far apart as the University of Washington and the College of the City of New York against compulsory military training. These revolts are encouraging; they have nowhere been crushed by temporary defeat, but only in Pomona and the University of Wisconsin have the students won. And in the high schools there has been no shadow of revolt. In short, the problem is for the nation; not alone for the students.

So much is made clear by the timely appearance and wide circulation of Winthrop D. Lane's pamphlet on "Military Training in Schools and Colleges," with a foreword signed by more than fifty influential Americans including four United States Senators. Mr. Lane's quiet, carefully documented statement of fact ought to undermine the foundations of the elaborate structure of militarism which is rising with dangerous rapidity.

We have been told, even by liberals, that it is folly to speak of the R. O. T. C. in our colleges as contributing to the "structure of militarism." It promotes little enthusiasm for drill and less for war. The officers in charge are of high caliber. The Daily *Princetonian* in commending the fight of the College of the City of New York against compulsion spoke in the highest praise of the quality of leadership in the elective training course at Princeton. Now all these things may be true without proving that military training is innocuous. Military drill has never in any land made the average man *like* war; it has made him *accept* it. And that is what counts. The man who has taken military science even under compulsion as part of the price of his education, still more the man who has taken it for money or honor, has given hostages to the future. He is part of a system which in an emergency he cannot desert without some feeling of disloyalty. That is what the officers in charge know and that is the result they seek. Moreover too many of them not merely teach a general acceptance of war and the warrior's interpretation of history; they point to specific possible enemies—usually Japan—and thereby directly menace peace. We happen to know a corps commander in charge of R. O. T. C. work in an important area. He is an officer and a gentleman who has risen by hard work. He confided to some of his friends that if only the Great War had lasted a little longer he would have been a brigadier general. By personal preference he desires peace not war. But he simply cannot imagine a world without war. He honestly loves the army. He is infinitely credulous concerning all the "menaces," red and yellow, domestic and foreign, which bring such fearsome thrills the National Security League.

Such is militarism whether in Prussia, France, or America. Let it continue to march hand in hand with American economic imperialism and this our country will become by reason of its very might the worst obstacle to the peace of the world. And in this process of militarization, as Mr. Lane points out, the universities may find that by giving over to the War Department such large areas of academic life to control they are introducing an element possibly more dangerous to academic freedom than ecclesiasticism or big business.

Now this situation which has stolen upon the people more or less unawares is by no means irremediable. That is proved by the fight in the colleges and by the weight of some of the signatures indorsing Mr. Lane's pamphlet. The most obvious objectives are (1) the entire abolition of military training in secondary schools where by the universal agreement of psychologists and educators it does not belong and (2) the abolition of compulsion in the colleges. The former is in the hands of boards of education; the latter of boards of trustees and regents. It would be a great gain if both these ends could be obtained.

But the real remedy for the militarizing of our most ambitious youth goes deeper. It is not enough that students should not be compelled to take military training; they should not be bribed or cajoled into it. It is high time for Congress to amend the law and stop the appropriations which subvert our institutions of learning from their proper function of education for peace. Tribes and nations since history began have sought safety by sacrificing the bright years of youth, its hopes and dreams, to war or preparation for war. And their sacrifices have been in vain. It is for our colleges to discover a better and nobler way of happiness and safety. To ask them, of all places, to become temples of a militarist cult, dedicated to the god of battles—this is to ask of them a betrayal of their very souls. For they exist to woo the young man to love of science and art, beauty and truth. These are not purely national; they are not born of war; they are stifled by the discipline of the martinet. They spring from the peaceful intercourse of peoples and the commerce of great minds; they grow strong only in the free air of fearless inquiry. In their increase is our hope. It is a hope not found in any military manual.

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The Civilian Aircraft Problem

SO far as civilian flying is concerned, we agree with the recommendations of the special commission appointed by President Coolidge to deal with aircraft problems. The Morrow commission does not suggest direct ıbsidies, but does urge the establishment of a bureau of ır navigation under an additional assistant secretary of ›mmerce, the progressive extension of the air-mail service, referably by contract, and additional airways and air-avigation facilities, including adequate weather reports. ı addition, the Morrow board advises that governmental esearch in aeronautic science be actively continued and ıat the industry be aided by the adoption of a policy of ›ntinuity in orders and a standard rate of replacement, ily those manufacturing companies to be utilized which aintain adequate engineering staffs.

So far, so good. If the Government really sets itself the task of encouraging civilian flying we ought to be ›le to make some progress. But the fact is that today e lag incredibly behind other countries, yet our public is ıly assured that in material and personnel we are keep-up with the great advances abroad. This we deny. here is not a single commercial passenger line in service ı America today. All over Europe there are well-estab-shed lines with as regular departures and arrivals as any ıilroad trains, and with a minimum of fatalities. Months ;o the German-Russian Air Travel Company celebrated ıe completion of flights between Moscow and Königsberg hich totaled 1,000,000 kilometers. There is a daily ser-ce between the cities. There are some twenty daily air-ane departures from Hamburg over regularly established ›utes, and some of these serve not merely the largest cities Germany but comparatively small ones as well. In Eng-nd there are four commercial air routes, the most impor-nt being those between London and Paris and London ıd Cologne. The problem is a difficult one because of the asonal gales over the Channel and the North Sea, and :t there, too, the accidents are few, although they are bad ıough when they occur. We have no single airplane in merica comparable to one which the Imperial Airways is ortly to put in service on the London-Paris route. This achine weighs eight tons and is fitted with three engines hich develop 1,200 horse-power. With only two engines nning the airplane can make ninety-five miles an hour; ith two out of commission it can still keep going. The ntilation is electrically controlled and the "drumming," ıich is so sickening to many passengers, is, it is claimed, tirely eliminated. This company alone carried 541 tons freight in 1924; it will make 5,000 flights in 1925.

In view of these achievements it seems really incred-le that we have no lines in service between Boston, New ›rk, and Washington and between New York and Chi-go. This is the more difficult to understand because, as e Hoover Committee on Civil Aviation which made its port on November 4, last, declares: "Topographical and :teorological conditions in the United States are in gen-al favorable to air navigation." This Hoover committee ;o went on record as being strongly opposed to direct vernmental subsidy. With that policy we are in hearty cord, but the committee seems justified in recommending at the Government provide funds for the design and con-uction by private industry of special aircraft and equip-nt under the joint direction of the executive heads of all departments concerned. The Government might also arrange with private individuals to offer prizes and bonuses for the best type of commercial airplane and for the company successfully completing the first one hundred commercial flights. We confess that we cannot understand the failure of American initiative and enterprise to enter this field. From time to time we hear rumors of the establishment of this or that company, as, for instance, one headed by the former Assistant Secretary of War, Benedict Crowell, the promise being that this organization would have German airships in service for night flights between New York and Chicago by the spring of 1926. The unfortunate catastrophe to the Shenandoah would probably make the establishment of such a service extraordinarily difficult; yet it is possible if only competent and experienced men, irrespective of nationality, be employed.

The Morrow commission, so far as civil aviation is concerned, is almost entirely of the same view as the Hoover committee. With these two bodies making virtually similar recommendations, Congress is in a position to act upon a basis of fact. But even the establishment of an assistant secretaryship of commerce will not do much. Commercial aviation will be established here only when business men can be interested in taking it up and developing it precisely as they did the automobile. That time ought not to be far distant.

A Literary Executioner

"IF a poem have genius," said Dryden in 1681, "it will force its own reception in the world; for there is a sweetness in good verse which tickles even while it hurts; and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will." The author of "Absalom and Achitophel" was speaking of satirical verse, and the truth of what he said applies more strictly to satire in general than it does to poetry in general. So strictly does it apply to satire, indeed, that one may appropriate it to another use in these days when satire is no longer composed in couplets; one may speak of the sweetness in good prose which tickles even while it hurts. One might wish for a more perfect method than exists of determining just how much pleasure is given to the victim of an excellent diatribe. There is no record, for instance, that the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Duke of Buckingham cut joyful capers in 1681 when they read what Dryden had to say of them as Achitophel and Zimri. One can only insist that the victims ought to be tickled—according to the principle, if none other, that the function of art is to please. And one can always fall back upon the fact that at any rate a third party, composed of more or less innocent bystanders, is rendered happy by the slaughter.

Such a piece of excellent prose is Ernest Boyd's article in the current *American Mercury* on the followers of Walt Whitman. Now, we should never undertake to ascertain the precise pleasure which the persons whom Mr. Boyd believes to be the literary descendants of Whitman will derive from a perusal of this article. Nor could we guarantee that the blindest of Whitman's admirers will find it even in the slightest delectable. But, since we consider ourselves members of neither camp, and therefore are under no necessity of plucking poisoned arrows from our bosom, we freely admit the joy we have taken in the spectacle of Mr. Boyd's sheer skill in denunciation.

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He is a rare phenomenon in these lean days of satire, and it is as such that he needs to be recognized. Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, and Pope in their respective generations let fly their spears of anointed contempt. The quarterly reviewers of the early nineteenth century in England continued the tradition; Poe nourished it in America in the thirties and forties; Churton Collins on Edmund Gosse and W. E. Henley on Stevenson proved themselves a generation ago to be worthy successors of Jeffrey and Lockhart. Now Mr. Boyd employs the highly suitable medium of the *Mercury* for a series of essays in every way comparable to the best pieces executed by his predecessors. He is all but unique in his day—if Norman Douglas, author of a recent attack on D. H. Lawrence in England, be excepted as the serious competitor he is. Mr. Mencken, after all, indicts a whole people; Mr. Boyd indicts persons, or at any rate small groups of persons who can be identified if one takes the trouble.

The circumstance that Mr. Boyd is wrong in most of his inferences and facts has nothing to do with the value of his article as art. It is not to the satirists with their *indignatio* that we go for literary history or even for literary criticism. Dryden was partially wrong about Shadwell, and Henley's strictures upon Stevenson were irrelevant to any discussion of the latter's work. And so there should not be too much cause for resentment in Mr. Boyd's careless connecting of Whitman with the "aesthetic circles" whom he so heartily despises today. His processes seem to have been simple enough. He hated Whitman. He hated the *Dial* and Miss Marianne Moore. So he pretended to prove that the *Dial* and Miss Moore are the progeny of the Manhattan bard. Actually to prove this would require labor of a soberer sort than satirists have ever been known to undertake. There is the very respectable theory, for instance, that the "aesthetes" come straight out of France. The scholar would at least announce this theory before denouncing it. What does the satirist do? Having quoted one of the flimsiest passages to be found in all of Whitman, he declares that "the transition is inevitable" to "the great deluge of Futurism, Dadaism, Ultraism, and Super-realism beneath which modern literature is now submerged"; and quotes as an instance of the latter almost a column of Marianne Moore.

Supposing, however, that Mr. Boyd's literary history holds water—his criticism does not. If the aesthetes are damned by their derivation, it does not follow by any law of criticism that the father shall be damned for his children. The greatest of writers have worked havoc among their imitators. Shakespeare perhaps ruined the poetic drama until Yeats, and Milton certainly spoiled blank verse until Wordsworth. But we do not blame Shakespeare and Milton, as Mr. Boyd seems to blame Whitman. Nor would any responsible critic blame Whitman for the fact that his followers preferred his dogma to his art, or even for that preference in Whitman himself. Some of the best of poets have misunderstood themselves; Wordsworth, as it happens, overrated his philosophy also. Whitman was, of course, absurd when he said: "I don't value the poetry in what I have written so much as the teaching." He is valuable for what his practice preaches—that great poetry can be written in new forms. The fact that Mr. Boyd is blind to the beauty of those forms matters little either in the criticism of Whitman or in the criticism of Mr. Boyd as satirist.

"The Enemy"

IN a world flooded with propaganda it is, it seems, an offense to produce a drama with a lesson to teach and a doctrine to expound. At least this is the only possible deduction from the lukewarmness of the metropolitan press to Mr. Channing Pollock's remarkable play "The Enemy." Received in small cities with praise so unbounded as to suggest gross extravagance, it was briefly dismissed or overlooked by one New York critic or another on the ground that it was pacifist doctrine which was produced less for stage than propaganda purposes. It did not matter that the play was brilliantly acted and that its action was simple straightforward, and extraordinarily affecting. It was a play with a purpose and a mission, and so it received brief space compared to that bestowed upon the latest "girl show" musical comedy. This fact affects a layman curiously because one has always been told that the stage must hold up the mirror to nature. If "The Enemy" does not reflect the actual life of not one but millions of families during the tragic days of the World War, we cannot imagine what could.

There is but one setting from beginning to end—sitting-room of a professor's flat in Vienna, within which are enacted in miniature the misery, suffering, and starvation, the grief and the spiritual horror of the war which was but a foul conspiracy against the truth and the right from beginning to end and on every side. Mr. Pollock has been bold enough to let us look at the war from the Austrian side through the eyes of a professor who opposed the war and of his daughter who pays the price in the loss of her bridegroom and of the child his father never saw. There is nothing original or strikingly novel in the plot. These are familiar figures all: the profiteer; the aspiring playwright who goes back on his pacifist theories when war is declared; the professor who sticks to his beliefs and loses his professorship for asking everybody the unanswerable question, Why are we at war and what is it all about?; the young Englishman beloved of all until England enters the war when he is stabbed in the house that he loved; the journalist who without cause incites his countrymen to war and comes back shell-shocked to experience the ingratitude of his employers; and the soldier-servant who brings back the tidings of the playwright's death just as he is expected to return to his home. These are simple ingredients to work with and there are no startling dramatic scenes save the return of the soldier-servant with the horror of it all upon him—a really amazing piece of acting by Harold Vermilye. Yet the play reaches thrilling heights and profoundly stirs audiences, growing in number, whose memories react sharply to the picture presented; who at last realize that they were enmeshed in lies from which we are just beginning to escape.

"A great play" is a phrase so overworked as to be utterly trite, yet we cannot withhold it from one which so honestly earns it as "The Enemy." But Mr. Pollock has done more than write a remarkable drama; he has rendered a service to his country and to the cause of civilization. If our public has seen enough worth in "Abie's Irish Rose" to keep it going for four years, it ought to keep "The Enemy" on the boards as long as has been "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We will add that the present caste is admirable, notably Fay Bainter as the bride and widow and Russ Whytal as the professor-father.

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The Aircraft Monopoly

By H. L. SCAIFE

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ANY real investigation by the President's aircraft board or by the Lampert aircraft committee would be worthless unless it inquired into the activities of Howard E. Coffin, C. M. Keys, and their associates of the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association, which has been accused on the floors of Congress of being a trust organized and maintained in violation of law. Inquiry must also be made as to the alleged activities of these men in maintaining an espionage system with secret agents attending official hearings and as to what funds, if any, have been disbursed by persons or corporations for such espionage work, propaganda, or for any other activities relating to the subject of the investigations.

The standard of patriotism of the Bureau of Aircraft production during the war (with which the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association and Howard E. Coffin, president of the Government's aircraft board, had relations) was manifested when the Hindenburg line was still unbroken and plans were on foot to send a second army overseas. At that critical moment a call was made on the Bureau of Aircraft Production for volunteers to officer the proposed army, with the result that out of its hundreds of officers wearing uniforms and not engaged in flying there were seven volunteers for the firing line! That was the standard of morale when the dismal war failure was made, and, in the conditions which exist today, we are not permitted to forget the past. The fact is that this same Bureau of Aircraft Production, organized and manned during the days of Coffin and Deeds, was later absorbed in the post-war aviation organization. Its proteges are a part of the aircraft bureaucracy of today, while the men who protest against these sickening conditions have their necks placed under the heels of the protectors and apologists of those who jeopardized the life of America in time of war.

American aviation has a long list of martyrs to duty which began during the war and continues until today. A committee seeking the truth, and with none of its members under a cloud, would discover, in the following cases among many, the methods used to silence and discredit those who have voiced complaints:

1. Major General William L. Kenly, former head of the Bureau of Military Aeronautics, relieved from duty and demoted from the rank of major general to a colonelcy after testifying before the Thomas Senate committee as to conditions in the air service.

2. A colonel who, because he testified that there were no American-made fighting planes in France, was deprived by the War Department of receiving decorations which a foreign government sought to bestow upon him for overseas services.

3. A major in the Army Air Service who was confined to an insane ward after persisting in making complaints and who was restored to duty after the matter was quietly taken up by friends in Congress.

4. A former member of the Lafayette Escadrille who was placed in an institution for the insane after warning men he was training of defects in aeroplanes made by the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation, and who alleges that he was previously warned that this would happen to him if his criticisms did not cease.

5. A pioneer aviator whose airplane was destroyed by incendiary bullets at McCook Field before he had been allowed to fly it and after he had been awarded a distinguished-service certificate by the War Department for the design.

6. An independent aircraft manufacturer who after the war was sent on a mission which carried with it imminent risk of death and who was later framed up and thrown out of government employment. Although the charges against him have been investigated by two departments of the Government and pronounced unfounded he is today discredited, and his name as a reserve officer has been removed from the rolls of the Navy Department because of these charges.

7. The legal adviser of the chief of the Army Air Service who was discharged while appearing before a Senate committee where he offered information in regard to the alleged disappearance of 122 carloads of material, planes, and parts of planes belonging to the United States and valued at more than $900,000, from the Elizabeth, New Jersey, plant of a Japanese aircraft company, which was one of the original members of the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association.

These and numerous other definite and specific cases of misconduct, the evidence of which has been accessible to the President's aircraft board and to the Lampert aircraft committee, have not been made the subject of inquiry and such conditions stand unexposed and unrebuked.

While reports of aircraft investigations have usually been made public, this has not always been the case regarding the testimony and hearings on which the reports have been based. During the war when the investigation of Charles E. Hughes was under way and witnesses were testifying as to the conduct of men who were responsible for the aircraft debacle during the war and are still awarded government contracts, a record of the testimony was not made public for the alleged reason that information might fall into the hands of the "enemy." Although we have celebrated our seventh anniversary of the armistice, the Hughes hearings which should be available in libraries have not been published nor is there a copy available for public inspection.

When the hearings of the Thomas Senate committee were published, that portion of the testimony on which it based its findings[1] that methods of the Government's aircraft board and the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association were vicious and intended to reap large profits by taking advantage of the necessities of the Government, was not included in the printed volumes[2] and the typewritten

[1] *Congressional Record*, August 22, 1918, page 9333.
[2] Hearings before the Subcommittee of the Committee on Military Affairs, United States Senate, 65th Congress, second session.

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record of the testimony of the witnesses has long since been missing in the archives of the Committee on Military Affairs.

The President's aircraft board and the Lampert aircraft committee failed to call more than fifty available witnesses, some of whom had testified before the Thomas Senate committee and many of whom were the pioneer inventors and independent manufacturers whose sacrifices, broken bones, and mortgaged homes gave aviation to the world. When the Lampert aircraft committee was holding hearings in New York, ostensibly for the purpose of taking the testimony of a group of these pioneers who claimed that they were crushed and driven out of business by the so-called air trust, these witnesses were not called to the stand. According to press reports Representative Perkins, speaking for the committee at a banquet in its honor, made an announcement to the effect that "business" had nothing to fear from the committee's work.

The recent investigations have covered every conceivable phase of the subject except the one that contains the crux of the situation. It is an old saying that if you take the profits out of crime there will be no crime. The solution of our aircraft troubles will be found in the answers to the following questions:

1. Who got the money?
2. What has been done with those who got the money?
3. What is going to be done with those who let the guilty escape?

In the thousands of pages of testimony it will be found that there has been no digging in the broad fields of malversation. In crimes against the government, "the love of money is the root of all evil." While the Thomas Senate committee set forth in its report unthinkable methods of aircraft monopoly practiced against independent manufacturers of aircraft who sought to obtain government contracts, it was clearly stated in that report[3] that

> No attempt has been made to investigate charges of personal dishonesty or official corruption. That subject more properly belongs to the Department of Justice, which under the direction of the Hon. Charles E. Hughes has been conducting an inquiry of its own regarding that and other phases of the subject.

It will be recalled that in no instance have the recommendations for prosecutions proposed in the Hughes report been carried out, and after that investigation, conducted during the war, no presidential board or congressional committee was especially authorized to investigate acts of malversation in connection with the air services, until the appointment by the House of Representatives of the Select Committee of Inquiry into Operations of the United States Air Services, known as the Lampert aircraft committee.

In ordering the investigation intrusted to the Lampert aircraft committee, the authority and direction from the House of Representatives to investigate financial wrongdoing and malversation were plenary and mandatory and any failure to do so would subject the committee to just censure by Congress and the people. House Resolution 192,[4] which was agreed to on March 24, 1924, directed the committee to inquire into the operations of the Government's air services and provided that

> said inquiry shall include investigation of contracts, settlements, or audits thereof, letters, expenditures, reports, receipts, or other documents in any way connected with any or all transactions of the said United States Army Air Service, the United States Naval Bureau of Aeronautics, the United States Mail Air Service, or any agency, branch, or subsidiary of either, and any corporations, firms, or individuals or agencies having any transactions with or being in any manner associated with or controlled or regulated by the said air service.

The Lampert aircraft committee was appointed o March 24, 1924. In view of the fact that the Lampert com mittee was appointed to investigate charges made on th floor of Congress that men were being killed through crim inal negligence and that a speedy report as to the truth o the charges was due to be returned to the House of Repr sentatives, the record of this committee for neglect o duty is probably the worst in the annals of Congres The Lampert committee did not begin its formal hearin until December 12, 1924, nine months after it was appoin Although information was read into the record of House of Representatives on April 15, 1924,[5] that in th opinion of the Department of Justice the statute of limit tions would expire in important war-fraud cases on N vember 12, 1924, the Lampert committee, failing to me and protest against inaction, must accept a responsibili in the final escape of the war grafters from prosecutio

Notwithstanding the mandatory character of the resol tion as to the scope of the investigation which was d manded by the House of Representatives, the Lampe committee upon its organization adopted as a steeri chart and as the "Scope of the Inquiry" a questionnai which was unresponsive to the resolution in detail and effect and which begins the investigation with the follo ing interrogations:

1. Is war in the future a possibility?

A. Is the United States in a position where we need any further protection against, or preparation for, war?

B. Within what period is it probable, so far as a forecast can he hazarded, war will come?

C. What nation or nations would be our probable enemies in event of such a war?

2. Where will the next war be fought?

Nowhere in the questionnaire is there an opportuni to squeeze in a line of inquiry on the questions rais in the House resolution or to develop the facts as to

1. Who got the money?
2. What has been done with those who got the money?
3. What will be done with those who allow the guilty to escape?

Volume VI of the hearings of the Lampert aircra committee consists of 604 pages devoted to an index the 3,558 printed pages of hearings. The index volu comprises 35,969 items, and under the subjects of "Fra and Corruption" and "Graft" the following testimony alo is cited, viz.:

	Page
Fraud and corruption not proved—Coffin.....	1277
Fraud, claims involving, not numerous—Stoeckell....	874
Graft, absent in negotiations—Keys.....	1386
Graft, allegations have not been made—Weeks....	3017

[3] *Congressional Record*, August 22, 1918, page 9330.
[4] *Congressional Record*, March 24, 1924, page 4815.
[5] Page 6416.
[6] Hearings, page 88.

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On January 23, 1925, Howard E. Coffin, former chairman of the Government's aircraft board, now president of the National Air Transport, Inc., and at present a member of the President's new aircraft board to report on the aircraft situation for the benefit of the President and Congress, testified before the Lampert aircraft committee[7] as follows:

> MR. LEA. Now, Mr. Coffin, . . . Do you know of any case where any real case of moral turpitude has developed?
>
> MR. COFFIN. Only cases where, perhaps, a man who was a bookkeeper or a clerk got away with a few dollars.

Again, Mr. Coffin testified[8] as follows:

> The accomplishments of the War Department in aviation were easily among its best in the war—cranks and manufactured public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is hardly conceivable that the members of the Lampert committee are not aware that since the exposures on the floors of Congress in 1922 there have been annual appropriations by Congress of $500,000, increased during the last session to an annual appropriation of $1,000,000, for the maintenance of a War Frauds Bureau in the Department of Justice and that numerous aircraft contracts involving millions of dollars, pronounced fraudulent by officials of the War Department itself, have been awaiting prosecution in the Department of Justice for more than three years. In September the Lampert committee disqualified itself from rendering any report when Chairman Lampert released a statement for the afternoon papers in which he said: "Problems are too complicated for congressional determination."

On September 12, 1925, three days after this statement was given to the press by Chairman Lampert, a presidential aircraft board, with Howard E. Coffin named as one of the investigators, was announced, but apparently it was not directed to discover what is wrong with the air service.

In fact, the gist of the President's instructions to his new air board—known as the Morrow committee—was reported in the press as follows:

> I feel that your efforts will result in bringing out the good qualities of the air service and in suggesting what action can be taken for improvement.

If America, whose genius gave the art of heavier-than-air flight to the world, has the brains and the money and pilots with unsurpassed records, why has she lost her place in the sun?

The answer will not be found in the hearings or in the reports of the President's aircraft board and the Lampert aircraft committee. If we are to correct the evils of our air services, accurate and reliable information for the public is necessary. Without it no findings or conclusions can have weight.

While the Lampert aircraft committee has washed the outside of the cup, the Morrow board has done the same for the platter. The application of the nursery rhyme is for the kindergarten class in public affairs:

> Simple Simon went a-fishing
> For to catch a whale;
> All the water he had got
> Was in his mother's pail.

[In his first article, published last week, Captain Scaife summarized the history of the aircraft frauds. His final article, next week, will deal with the Morrow committee report and its suppression of the facts.]

[7] Hearings, page 1274.
[8] *Ibid.*, page 1210.

Reservations

By JAMES N. ROSENBERG

GETTING married with reservations is a ticklish business. You have to be sure the reservations are as binding as the marriage. To join some fifty other nations of diverse cultural, ethnological, political, and economic conditions in the upbuilding of a court empowered to decide controversies between sovereigns is a momentous step. It is worse than that; we think it a dull business, and so we turn from it as a recondite riddle reserved for international lawyers. There we err; for, once we examine the project, the problems emerge with the clearness of mountain peaks.

To begin with: What is the object of a world court? Obviously, to prevent war by substituting justice for arms. But the moment we make that answer two further questions pop up. Is the court's decision to be capable of enforcement? If so, how? To these inquiries I addressed myself in two preceding essays; in the former I sought to point out that behind the World Court, as now constituted, lurks the threat of the armed and economic power of the League of Nations and its entire membership for enforcement of the Court's decrees; in the latter I urged that the history of our country—of the relation of our Supreme Court to the States—shows that a world court, stripped of every vestige of such power and depending for its efficacy solely upon the support of public opinion, is a proved practical program.

Let me quote a man who evidently holds similar views: "When two great self-respecting nations deliberately agree to submit their controversy to the Court and actually do so," Senator Walsh recently wrote me, "neither can disregard its judgment. . . ." It was upon this principle that the Fathers wrote the Constitution. Does not that principle hold good today?

In February, 1923, Charles Evans Hughes, then Secretary of State, wrote President Harding proposing four reservations as conditions of our entry into the Court. With the second, third, and fourth reservations, the wisdom of which no one, I believe, gainsays, we need not at the moment concern ourselves further than to mention that they are designed to secure us a voice in the selection of judges, to assure that we pay a fair share of the Court's expense, and to prevent amendment of the Court's charter without our consent. I come to the first and far the most important reservation proposed by Mr. Hughes:

"In order to avoid any question"—I quote from the preamble of Mr. Hughes's letter—Mr. Hughes proposed that our entry into the Court

> shall not be taken to involve any legal relation on the part

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of the United States to the League of Nations or the assumption of any obligations by the United States under the Covenant of the League of Nations.

What is to be deduced from this proposal? There are champions for entry into the World Court who declare that that Court is already wholly independent of the League; that my fear of Articles 13 and 16 is unfounded and absurd. Mr. Hughes's reservation shows that, in his mind at least, there is a real danger that the Court is tied to the League, else he would not have gone to the length of severing that tie.

To those who believe that a world court should be unsupported by any power but that of public opinion, this reservation, then, is welcome. But I ask whether it goes far enough. For while this reservation certainly frees us from the duty of joining with League members in exerting force to execute a world-court decision, does it exempt us from the exertion of force against us if we fail to comply with a decision?

To this question there are two possible answers. The first is that we will always obey and respect the Court's decision. But that is a fool's answer. "Always" is a long word. This Court is no mushroom, but an enduring structure. What kind of a court may render what kind of a judgment against us a century hence? Suppose we are then no longer the rich and powerful creditor nation. Suppose we are literally incapable of complying with the decree. Surely we should not take even the remotest risk of consenting in advance that the League shall have power to enforce such a judgment against us by war or economic boycott.

There is a second answer to the question I propounded; namely, that Mr. Hughes's reservation says just what I would have it mean. It may, but if it does, then the language, to me at least, is veiled. In so profoundly important a matter we cannot, however, afford to be left in doubt. The kind of words I could understand would say explicitly that our entry into the Court is conditioned on the agreement of the League and its members that no decree of the Court shall be enforcible either by the Court, the Council, or the League or its members through war or economic pressure. It is only in some such fashion, I submit, that we can make it forever clear that the Court's only sanction is public opinion.

John Marshall, defending the provisions in our Constitution for a federal judiciary (which were so feared by the States), asked the Virginia Convention this question:

> What is the service or purpose of a judiciary but to execute the laws in a peaceable, orderly manner, without shedding blood or creating a contest or availing yourself of force?

His question is peculiarly applicable to a world court. For, since the purpose of such a court is to avoid bloodshed, contest, and force, why not say so openly? Why not use plain words to divorce the Court utterly from the League? This does not at all require that we destroy the Court; quite the contrary, we make the Court stronger by making it independent. Is not this the path of expediency as well as of wisdom? Senator Borah has squarely stated in a letter to the president of Princeton University that on such terms his opposition to entry into the Court ceases. And as for the advocates of the Court, what is it they want? A court to bring us peace. Well, then, do they oppose a declaration that a court of peace shall not be buttressed by the power of war?

"Shall it be a coercion of law or a coercion arms? There is no other possible alternative." These words were spoken in 1787 by Oliver Ellsworth before the Connecticut Convention. His words hold good today.

The dilemma which faced the people of the United States in 1787 confronts us. We must choose between armies and acquiescence. The decrees of a world court must either be backed by force or must depend solely upon voluntary consent of the sovereign litigants. No other alternative is open. If we mean to do away with force and to depend only upon voluntary consent, let us say so.

The Exuberance of Senator Pepper

By FRANK R. KENT

THE truly good in this world are distressingly often misunderstood. This is particularly and painfully true in politics.

What incentive is there for the righteous and high-minded to slave for the people in public place if, in addition to the gibes of the wicked and unworthy on the other side, they have to bear up under total lack of appreciation from their friends?

Especially poignant are the wounds thus inflicted when the paeans of praise which have been poured out in behalf of these friends impose a slight strain upon the conscience.

Take for instance the case of Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania. Senator Pepper is a gentleman who has unselfishly sacrificed himself in order to serve his State and nation. It is not going too far to say that he will, if pressed, admit it. Whenever he speaks in the Senate or out he somehow manages to convey an idea of the nobility of his nature and the purity of his purposes, which is perhaps one of the reasons so many of his colleagues refer to him privately in language not printable in the record. His goodness grates on them.

Usually when Senator Pepper is on the stump it is his habit modestly but with charming candor to commend himself to his constituents, touching upon the value of his services and pointing out the great mistake it would be not to send him back to the Senate next year. Recently, however, departing slightly from his custom, the good Senator has devoted most of his speeches not to himself but to the most eloquent eulogies of Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Mellon yet delivered in any quarter. In praising these two highly placed gentlemen he has really reached inspired heights. No editorial writer on a Republican organ has been able to think of the things to say that he has. No other Republican Senator facing a fight in his State has gone as far as he. Not William M. Butler himself, whose reelection in Massachusetts wholly depends on his ability to ride the wave of the Coolidge popularity and who ranks as the President's closest friend, has spoken so warmly of him.

It would be natural to suppose this would make Senator Pepper stand ace high around the White House, that the inner Coolidge circle would regard him as the ideal statesman. Publicly they do, but privately it is sad to report some of those fairly close to the President look upon the Pennsylvania Senator with a cold and fishy eye. So far the excessive eulogies seem not to have disturbed Mr. Mellon, but it is a fact that friends of Mr. Coolidge here think that Senator Pepper is overdoing it somewhat so far as the President

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is concerned. There is, they say, such a thing as laying it on too thick, and a little more restraint with the trowel would be appreciated. The danger is that with the pace he has set, unless he puts on the brakes before his campaign is over in Pennsylvania, he is very apt to say something that will make the President ridiculous.

Now, if there is one thing above another that the little group of Massachusetts friends who constitute the unofficial Coolidge Cabinet dread for the President it is ridicule. It was so in the last campaign and it is so now. The whole tone of the Coolidge character is impressive solemnity and there is always the risk that a laugh on the President will take away the impressiveness and leave only the solemnity, which would not be enough. That is why so often the White House advisers get put out with well-meaning newspaper men who put little things in the newspapers about Mr. Coolidge that might make people laugh.

For instance, there has been nothing in two years over which the White House group suffered so acutely as the leaking out of the electric hobby-horse story. They were both frightened and furious—and they are still sensitive on the subject.

Always there is the dread that something will happen like that to make people laugh and that they will not stop. That is why, although a certain amount of what is vulgarly called "banana oil" is welcome enough, those who most closely watch political trends from the White House angle shy from too exaggerated and overdrawn pictures of the President as full of the dreaded laughter dynamite.

A few days ago, in a speech in his home State, Senator Pepper, after a ten-minute eloquent eulogy of the Presidential character, wound up with a description of a visit to Mr. Coolidge made by himself and some constituents, the graphic nature of which it is reported held his hearers spellbound. Said the Senator:

> I escort you to the White House. We enter the executive offices and I ask the President's secretary whether it will be agreeable to the President to receive us. He is gone for a moment and on his return ushers us into the President's office. As we enter and stand near the door the President arises, holds out his hand with a pleasant smile and asks: "Senator, what can I do for you?"
>
> There is a twinkle in his eye because occasionally Senators have requests to make. I reply: "Mr. President, my request is that you permit me to present to you these friends of mine. We want nothing but an opportunity to pay our respects and to testify to our admiring approval of all that you are doing to make life happier and more wholesome for all the people."
>
> He does not say much. He is as economical in the use of his words as he is in the expenditure of your dollars. He again smiles pleasantly and says, "I am glad to see you all," then looks deprecatingly at the documents piled mountain high on either side of his desk. Somehow you feel that his greeting means more than many greetings much more wordy and emotional.
>
> We withdraw, and suddenly it comes over us that we have had a very wonderful experience. He made a profound impression upon each of us. We felt ourselves in the presence of a good man.

Now, that is certainly a pretty picture. The trouble about it is it is too pretty. Newspaper clippings containing this account of a visit to the White House have been passed around here in Washington, and there is no doubt those who read them think them funny. The twinkle in his eye, the pleasant smile, the outstretched hand, the "mountainous" pile of documents on the desk (Mr. Coolidge's desk is notoriously free from papers and documents), the combination seems to excite more or less merriment among those who are accustomed for one reason or another to call upon the President during office hours and who have come away without realizing that they have had a "very wonderful experience."

Reflection on the facts reveals some reason for the distaste of those tied most closely to the Coolidge fortunes for the Pepper paeans. For one thing, they are too far off key. This twinkling-eye, pleasant-smile, outstretched-hand stuff is not the note at all. That is another Coolidge than the one whom the propaganda machine and the great publicity agencies of the Republican Party have hymned for the last two years. The fear is that Senator Pepper unless checked will next be describing the President as genially slapping visitors on the back and telling them side-splitting stories beginning, "Once there were two Irishmen."

It is reported that a certain sardonic Senator, noted for his biting tongue, is saving the Pepper speeches for the purpose of making a speech of his own in the Senate this winter. If this is so it will be worth hearing. No wonder Mr. Coolidge's friends are disposed to hope Mr. Pepper will from now on be a little less exuberant in his Presidential word pictures. "Soppy" is the adjective some of them use.

Worms and Dutch Bulbs

By NEIL VAN AKEN

THIS country's thanks are due to the poor little eelworm, the "dreaded" enemy of our narcissus bulbs, for having given us an opportunity to discover a new and ingenious method of enriching a handful of American bulb growers and dealers at the expense of the millions who, after the winter's isolation, rake the leaves from their flower beds to welcome the first harbingers of spring. No longer will the tiny insect be allowed entry into the United States from France, England, and Holland, to join the billions of its uncles and aunts and cousins which have preceded it in the past. Not that the European variety of eelworm is worse-mannered or more dangerous than our own, but it was seized upon as a popular excuse for keeping out one hundred million narcissus bulbs of which perhaps 1 per cent were hiding the hideous little thing proclaimed so dangerous to our fields and gardens.

In the case of all other products of foreign origin whose importation it is desired to restrict, recourse is usually had to the Tariff Commission on the plea of protection of native industries. Where it can be shown, as in the case of California lemons, that our own producers can supply a considerable quantity of the domestic demand, we find it very easy, by increasing the import duties on the foreign article, to protect our own domestic products.

With narcissus and daffodil bulbs it was different. The few who in this country, especially in California and Washington, have succeeded in propagating an inferior specimen of the narcissus variety knew that they could not come before the public and demand the exclusion of or even a high duty on the foreign bulb on the ground of protecting their investments. The poor little bulb is too popular among the masses to attempt that sort of hold-up. These growers have been trying for a quarter of a century to build up a successful bulb industry, but have not succeeded on a scale

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sufficient to rate them as commercial growers or even as promoters of an infant industry.

And so they relegated their investment plea to the background and discovered the eelworm. "Let us make it a matter of patriotism," they said. "Let us implore the people to protect their country against pests and diseases. Let us draw a picture of devastated fields, of ravaged orchards and gardens, of blights and famine, of the country laid waste by a foreign invasion of bugs and worms and flies and insects. That will strike a note louder than all our talk about economic protection, and produce the same results."

The vehicle by which to carry their panorama of a blighted landscape up the popular avenue called Main Street had been created for them as per order. There was the Plant Quarantine Act of August 20, 1912, designed to protect us from the introduction and spread of contagious plant diseases or insect pests. This act created a Federal Horticultural Board, functioning under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture. Its object was laudable, even necessary. Under this act the Secretary of Agriculture, on the advice of the Federal Horticultural Board, may, in order to prevent the introduction into this country of any tree, plant, or fruit disease, or of any injurious insect "new to or not therefore widely prevalent or distributed within and throughout the United States," prohibit the importation of such horticultural products from a country or locality where such disease or insect infestation exists.

This was something, but it was not enough, according to our American growers. The act should be made more definite. In 1918 the Secretary of Agriculture promulgated Quarantine Order No. 37, whose spirit, according to Dr. Marlatt, chairman of the Federal Horticultural Board, "is to as rapidly as possible make this country independent of foreign supplies, in the hope that some day we will reach a condition where no entry of foreign plants will be necessary, other than to make adequate introduction of new plants and, perhaps occasionally, old plants which are needed for the establishment of new propagating enterprises and which are not commercially available here."

"That's exactly what we want," exclaimed our American growers. And so in 1922 the Federal Horticultural Board sent out a notice that, beginning with January 1, 1926, importation of the narcissus family would be prohibited.

And in the meantime? For three years after promulgation of this order (and for many years prior to it) hundreds of millions of narcissus bulbs would be and had been shipped into this country and millions of eelworms and other bugs and diseases with them. It is safe to say that 50 per cent of these bulbs would be or had been planted in the open ground in practically every community of the United States, thereby, if they were really dangerous to plant life, spreading disease and pests which the ingenuity of man may never be able to eradicate.

Question: If the Federal Horticultural Board was really concerned solely with the protection of plant life in this country, why was not the lid clamped down long ago, at least three years ago, when the danger was first publicly advertised? But this is not all. With the knowledge that the embargo on narcissus bulbs would be effective on January 1, 1926, our American importers doubled their orders. "Let us have what you can spare. Never mind your plant inspection; send them to us with or without bugs. Prices are going up already and our supply is vanishing." Accordingly the growers abroad, especially in Holland, trying to salvage what they could from the wreckage, shipped whatever was available, with the result that, whereas formerly only about 1 per cent was infested with the eelworm, their bulbs the last few months contained as high as 12 per cent of injurious insects and diseases. Everything was welcome. The Department of Agriculture knew of the sudden invasion of plant pests. Did it stop them? Ask the bulb stores.

And now we come to that innocent-looking qualification of the Plant Quarantine Act, quoted above, in which it speaks of preventing the introduction of those pests and diseases only which are "new to or not therefore widely prevalent or distributed within and throughout the United States." If foreign narcissus bulbs contain so many insect pests or disease germs as to make their embargo imperative, our soil must by this time, after the scattering of billions of foreign bulbs throughout the land for the last few decades, be fairly well impregnated by these pests and germs. Not by the widest stretch of the imagination can it be assumed that they are not "widely prevalent or distributed" already. And in that case an embargo now is evidently beyond the authority given to the Agricultural Department by the Plant Quarantine Act. What principle, then, outside that of economic protection, can justify the decree of the Federal Horticultural Board? But protection of industry rests entirely within the domain of Congress and the Chief Executive. Here is something that our legislators at Washington might well look into.

In the Driftway

FROM time to time the Drifter has suspected the business of putting money out at interest. He has never been able to accumulate money in bank for a sufficient period to have it earn anything, but once he owned a fifty dollar bond and it was with a distinctly guilty feeling that he collected the dollar and six cents that accrued to him every six months. Now somebody has devised, under the name of thrift, a scheme for completely disorganizing world finance; his proposition is to put ten dollars out at interest and allow it to compound for 1,000 years. At the end of that period it is reckoned that the innocent and ineffectual sum will have grown to $5,374,523,952,824,329, which figure anybody may read who can.

* * * * *

NOTHING, of course, is less likely than that the ten dollars will be allowed to increase in such a horrifying way, and this is surely fortunate. The proposal is to allow a group consisting of the then President and Chief Justice of the United States and the American Minister to Colombia to distribute the little fortune as they see fit, no doubt accompanying each gift with a printed notice on the benefits of putting money in the bank every week. But what naivete is indicated in the assurance that in 1,000 years there will be any United States, any Colombia, any South America, any banks, any interest, any dollars, or any diplomats! The Drifter feels sure that two gold sovereigns, carefully deposited in a strong-box in the year 925, would have small chance of turning up today. The Bank of England was not incorporated until more than seven hundred years later; meanwhile various important events took place and even solid England changed governments several times. The Battle of Hastings, the signing of Magna Charta, the Wars of the Roses, the great struggles at Crécy and Agin-

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court, the building of the cathedrals, the composing of Chaucer's poems and Shakespeare's plays, the downfall of the church in England, all took place in about half the time in which the poor little ten dollars is to be accumulating interest. Who has any right to suppose that events less momentous will not take place in the next ten centuries?

* * * * *

THE fate of the ten dollars can be readily imagined. In about the year 2025, when innumerable bank clerks have transferred the dead account through innumerable ledgers, when innumerable mistakes have been made in the computation of the interest, when a dozen bookkeepers have committed suicide because of it, when half as many bank presidents have cudgeled their brains over what to do with it, a council of international financiers will be called to debate the subject of the ill-fated ten dollars. It will be decided that the thing has gone far enough, and a fund will be established for the prevention of cruelty to gold fish, or some other worthy object. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Making the Cities' Business Businesslike

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the past week some 150 people gathered at the Pantlind Hotel in Grand Rapids for the purpose of attending the twelfth annual convention of the International City Managers' Association. They came from all over the United States and several points in Canada. They represent a movement that now extends from Texas to Manitoba and from California to Maine—a movement that is probably contributing more than any other toward a professional and businesslike administration of government in the United States.

The character and quality of the program, the personality of the members, and the general atmosphere of the Grand Rapids convention stamped it as thoroughly professional in tone and character. The chief reason for this is that there are comparatively few men engaged in other lines of public service as a permanent career. Yet relative permanency is a prime prerequisite for the development of a professional spirit and attitude. It is also essential for the development of that expertness that distinguishes one calling from another.

On account of the importance of continuous service in the upbuilding of a profession, a brief summary of the length of service of the nucleus of the present city managers follows. These data are taken from the 1924 report of the City Managers' Association. Of a total of 350, two-thirds have served more than two years and over one-half have served more than three years, while 89 have exceeded four years, 59 five years, 33 six years, and 7 ten years. To properly evaluate these facts it is necessary to consider that the movement was only sixteen years old in 1924, and that Dayton, the first large city to adopt city-manager government, joined the ranks in 1914, that is, ten years previous to 1924.

Willingness to continue experienced men in the office of chief executive marks a striking departure from established procedure in the United States. It indicates that a growing body of our citizens no longer confuse or perhaps identify the power to get votes and the power to conduct public affairs successfully.

The chief contribution to public policy on the part of the city-manager government is, as one of the speakers pointed out, probably just here. It distributes functions according to capacity. The vote-getter, properly representing and interpreting the wishes of the people, is placed where he will do the most good, i. e., in the council, where policy is determined. On the other hand, the appointive expert, who is trained to handle the intricacies of modern city government, is placed where he will do the most good, namely, in the position of executor of policy. In other words, municipal politics are consigned to the municipal council or commission and municipal management is concentrated in the office of the expert executive. This allocation of functions represents a wholesome break with our time-honored faith in the universal capacity and competence of all good and loyal citizens for handling public affairs.

More specific evidence of the professional character of the City Managers' Association may be found in a review of the program of the recent convention. The subjects covered by a select group of speakers dealt with personnel control, with budget and accounting systems, zoning, traffic, fire prevention, with an analysis of the proper attitude of the city manager toward his commission, the public, and outside experts, with the ways and means of determining municipal efficiency on the basis of unit costs, and, finally, with a summary of the practical rules of conduct of the manager in his executive capacity.

The outlook for the city-manager movement is most promising. In the first place, there are only three of the 259 cities that have adopted it by popular vote and later abandoned it by the same method. Secondly, any investigation of the success of the city-manager government, made through requests to local business, professional, and labor organizations has resulted in almost unanimous approval. A committee of clubs of the city of Syracuse, for instance, recently published returns of this sort from eighty different cities with only one unfavorable report out of the total number.

With the accession of Cleveland, Cincinnati, Kansas City, and Rochester, the movement is entering a new phase. If the last three cities that have just adopted a city-manager charter are as successful as Cleveland's has been in its initial period, we may expect a rapid increase in the number of large cities under this type of government during the next decade.

Syracuse, N. Y., November 26 X. Y. Z.

Fur Mammy's Honey Boy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:

Nobody ain't Christmas shoppin'
Fur *his* stockin'!

Nobody ain't cotch no Tukkey,
Nobody ain't bake no pie,
Nobody's laid nuthin' by,
"Santy" ain't got nuthin' hid
Fur his Mammy's little kid.

Seem like eve'body rushin'
An' er crushin',
Crowdin' shops an' jammin' trolleys,
Buyin' shoes an' shirts an' toys
Fur de *white* folk's girls an' boys,
But no hobby-horse ain't rockin'
By *his* little wore-out stockin'.

He ain't quar'lin', recollec',
He don't spec'
Nuthin'—it's his not expectin'
Makes his Mammy wish, o Laws!
Fur a *Po' Folks* Santa Claus,
Totin' *any* kind er toy
Fur his Mammy's honey boy!

Subscriptions toward a children's Christmas tree and dinner for poor colored children will be gratefully received by the pastor of the Union Baptist Church, the Rev. G. H. Sims, 131 West 131st Street, or by me, 163 Lexington Avenue.

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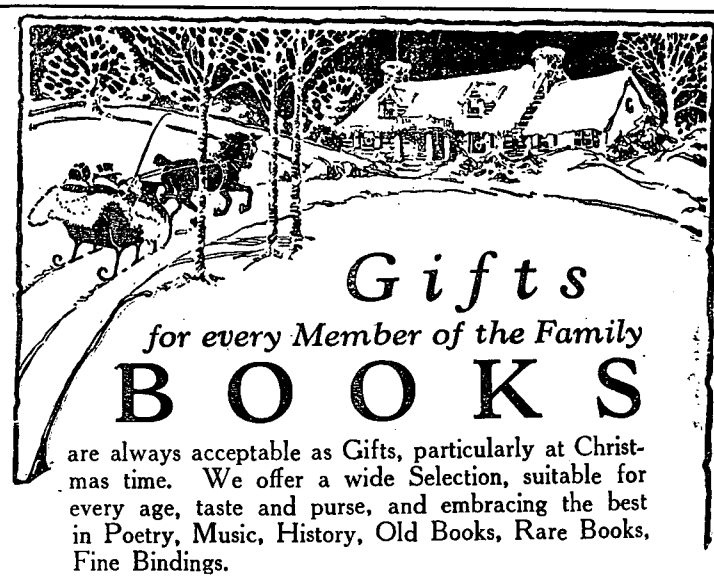

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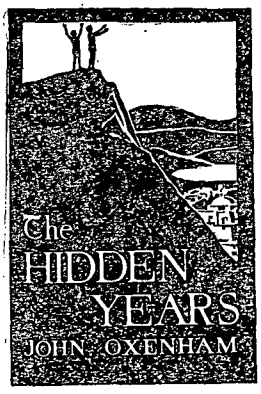

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The Walls of Jericho

By JAMES RORTY

The words of this poem are intended to be spoken as an obbligato to the Negro spiritual, "Joshua Fit de Battle ob Jericho," the music of which is first heard as a faint humming accompaniment to the opening stanzas and gradually swells to a forte chorus at the end.

Watchman, what is your word?
The night is quiet, but that white stone
That rolls above the city is the same
Unpitying moon that shone
On Nineveh, on Babylon
After the kings were gone.

Watchman, what do you hear?
I hear the frantic voice of the unseen
Incessant whip-poor-will that raves
Of something lost; but it can mean
Nothing; it has never been.

Watchman, what do you see?
I see the outpost's fire that flickers red
Between the city and the dark; the black
Fagot wherewith the flame was fed,
Screamed for a while and bled.
Now it is dead.

Watchman, why do you shake?
I shake because there is no rain
To quench that fire, as they well know
Who kindled it; there will remain
Always the pain;
Something unslain.

Watchman, what of our city?
All's well and the streets are bright;
Few felt the cold when we achieved
Our heatless miracle of light.
Like ghosts bedight
They walk in light.

Watchman, our singers sleep!
Not so, but their frozen lips are sealed,
And though they break with furious hands
The altars where they kneeled,
Plow there is none to wield,
Barren is the field.

Watchman, our priests are fled!
Not so, they have gathered all
To the battlements; they shout and fling
Bread at the gates that the tall
Towers may stand, and the wall
May not fall.

Watchman, they come to slay!
Not so, there is no magic in the sword
Can slay what never lived.
Even so was poured
From heaven the word
Of the Lord.

Watchman, they march with songs!
Yes, they come singing; are we then so proud
Of our white silence? Yes, they come
Laughing and loud.
Unarmed, unbowed.

Watchman, your lips do move!
Yes, for I see the great walls fling
Their stones upon the plain,
And we too sing.

Joshua fit de Battle ob Jericho,
Jericho, Jericho.
Joshua fit de Battle ob Jericho,
And de walls come a-tumblin' down.

First Glance

THE success of "The Book of American Negro Spirituals," edited by James Weldon Johnson with musical arrangements by J. Rosamond Johnson and Lawrence Brown (Viking Press: $3.50), is one of the most conspicuous signs that Negro folk music and Negro folk poetry are beginning to secure the general attention they have always deserved in America. For the book has become a best-seller, and concert halls which previously had opened only for Roland Hayes and Paul Robeson are filled these days with audiences come to hear less notable or even entirely unknown soloists. If the spirituals have come to be something of a fad among those who must seek each season for another thrill, and if many of the present devotees are bound to drop away before another winter brings its novelty, this does not matter a great deal. A new circle has been reached; the songs have settled that much more firmly into place. Not a few persons, of course, have always known and admired them, and they have by no means been neglected by musical and literary scholarship. Eleven years ago there was H. E. Krehbiel's "Afro-American Folk Songs," and the current year has seen in "The Negro and His Songs," by Odum and Johnson, an interesting attempt at historical and social analysis. But much still remains to be said.

For instance, there is the matter of origins. In his sensible introduction to the sixty-one songs which he has chosen Mr. Johnson touches this intricate subject in such a way as to make it merely tantalizing. Answering the not infrequent charge that the spirituals are derivative both in their music and in their words, he states as an axiom that they are original and lets it go at that. Now, neither of the two adjectives can have any meaning by itself. No excellent work of art can be wholly derivative, nor, on the other hand, can any work of art be wholly original. The problem of assessing originality is the problem of discovering where something came from and defining the qualities which it collected after it arrived. It was not Mr. Johnson's business to do this—it would take volumes, and I suspect that those volumes will some day be written; but he might have suggested the need of its being done. The

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research, when it comes at last to be made, will take someone over obscure and fascinating ground—Africa, Europe, and our Southern States; it will pry into more than one primitive religion; it will base itself in part upon an understanding of racial rhythms—if, indeed, they exist; and it will at least skirt the territory of comparative literature.

R. Emmet Kennedy's "Mellows: A Chronicle of Unknown Singers" (Albert and Charles Boni: $5) parallels Mr. Johnson's volume at only a few points. Mr. Kennedy, while he furnishes musical arrangements for a considerable number of spirituals, gives specimens as well of work-songs and other "seculars"; while his particular emphasis is upon the "mellows" and "make-up" songs of the Louisiana Negro. His random sketches of the singers from whom he heard these pieces and his account of the general background from which the material comes are both of value for the picturesque information they preserve; and his versions of the better-known poems are unusually full. The book, however, is neither so rich nor so varied as I had hoped it would be.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Evolution of Farming

History of Agriculture in the Northern United States, 1620-1860. By Percy Wells Bidwell and John I. Falconer. Carnegie Institution of Washington. $4.

Readings in the Economic History of American Agriculture. Edited by Louis Bernard Schmidt and Earle Dudley Ross. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

A History of Agriculture in Europe and America. By Norman Scott Brien Gras. F. S. Crofts and Company. $3.50.

Rural Pennsylvania. By Ralph L. Watts. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH agriculture is old, organized agricultural research is exceedingly new. There are two reasons for this: the submerged position of the farmer during a long period and the variety of aspects under which agriculture may be viewed. The importance of farming and the farmer was until recently inadequately recognized; and agricultural research is highly complex, since agriculture, according to one's point of view, is a science—or, better, a group of sciences—a business, an industry, an occupation, or a life. The agricultural experiment stations, the first of which in America was founded only fifty years ago, have devoted their attention chiefly to the strictly scientific side, which means problems of production. Only very lately has stress been laid on economic, sociological, and historical matters. Thus agricultural research is as a whole just coming of age.

That the newness of the subject is not preventing scholarly work is manifest in the first of these books. A bibliography of 725 titles, some of them published volumes, others unpublished manuscripts, suggests the thoroughness with which the authors went into their subject. The statistical data which they have compiled from widely scattered sources, involving prices of farm products as compared with general prices, wages of agricultural labor, exports and imports of animal products, urban concentration, and similar matters, would alone make the book invaluable for reference purposes, while numerous maps and graphs add still further to its usefulness.

The book is not, however, merely a treatise. The narrative is vivid and vigorous and will appeal to any one interested in the rural economy, which was the dominant economy of early America. The quotations from old records, letters, and newspapers are frequently fascinating. The chapters that deal with the development of agricultural machinery would be delightful for the illustrations alone. But the subject matter is important as well as interesting. The development of agricultural machinery made economical production possible on the great level lands of the Middle West. Probably the only other matters of equal significance in early American agricultural history were the development of transportation by canal and rail, the growth of urban markets, the various changes in the systems of land tenure, and the organization and education of farmers. Each of these subjects also is fully treated and always the authors are presenting facts without any effort to fit them into a preconceived pattern. The conception of agricultural development must be built up inductively if it is to be of any value.

The second book is made up of selections chosen for college students from various works. That these are mostly secondary rather than primary sources seems somewhat unfortunate. There is already too much college teaching on the basis of secondary sources. Moreover, when writers, teachers, and editors find it no insuperable task to read half a dozen books a week, there is no reason why college students should be satisfied to read half a dozen chapters. This is an excellent work of its kind, but the kind encourages dubious practices.

Mr. Gras's book is the first attempt at a comprehensive discussion of an important subject. One gets a clear if not a vivid picture of agricultural progress. Mr. Gras is a sound economist and his understanding of the development of national economic policies as related to agriculture is detailed and accurate. Few scholars anywhere have a better grasp than he of the inclosure problem. Moreover, his discussion of the physiocratic movement in France, which from 1756 to 1770 emphasized the importance of agriculture, is perhaps the best brief treatment of the subject in print. The physiocrats were the real founders of agricultural economics and, from a certain viewpoint, of the single-tax movement; and an understanding of their position is important to a clear grasp of European agricultural developments since that time.

The chief deficiency of Mr. Gras is his lack of a rural point of view. He manifestly looks at agriculture from the outside. When he quotes he quotes scholarly observers whose views, valuable as they are, need to be balanced by the statements of practical farmers. Moreover, he makes such obvious mistakes in agricultural technique as to indicate that he does not know farming. These errors do not seriously affect the value of the book, but they will impair confidence in it on the part of agricultural students, most of whom are farm reared.

In the Rural State and Province Series, of which "Rural Pennsylvania" is one volume, L. H. Bailey, the general editor, is endeavoring "to present the rural phase of the development of the commonwealths with so much of the physical setting of history as will make plain the reasons for the present state of the agriculture and country life." So far, in addition to Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, California, and Texas have been treated. The volumes as a whole are sound, balanced, though not brilliant studies, and this volume dealing with Pennsylvania is no exception. Agriculture has been fundamental in all the States and is still the basis of production in most of them, and detailed study of its relationships, State by State, will provide clearer economic, social, and political conceptions.

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

Dead Reckonings

Dead Reckonings in Fiction. By Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.25.

ANY critic not too strongly impelled to glorify his own function will be compelled to admit that instinctive taste has usually afforded a surer criterion of excellence than any carefully formulated set of aesthetic principles. If he be wise he will hesitate in his own practice to base his judgment upon the results of a trial, and if he feels a book to be good he will not

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undertake to prove it bad either to himself or to others by demonstrating its violation of the canon he has set up. He will recognize that the sources of delight in a work of art have never yet been adequately analyzed, and however completely he may have committed himself at one time or another to a belief that the function of literature is this or that he will have the candor to recognize that upon many occasions he has been delighted and moved when it could be easily demonstrated that he had no right to be.

He may be justified in a belief that as time goes on critical canons become less monstrously inadequate. He may, for example, believe that a philosophy of art which allows for the process of wish-fulfilment will be less often at fault than was that medieval theory which regarded literature as invariably no more than a "sugar-coated pill of philosophy," and which drove its exponents to the most fantastically allegorical interpretations of works which their sound instinct told them were good but which could only be justified by the interpolation of "lessons" far from the minds of those who had created them. But the wise critic, however versed in or fascinated by knowledge of aesthetic or psychological laws, will remember that though keys have been found before there have always remained secrets which they would not unlock. He will navigate the seas of literature by the method of what the authors of this book have picturesquely called "Dead Reckonings"; he will, that is to say, recognize that there are no fixed points determinable in the cloudy firmament of aesthetics and he will guide his course by reference to such relative facts as may be gathered in the obscurity which surrounds him, judging his principles by their results rather than judging results by principles.

In so far as Miss Brewster and Mr. Burrell have committed themselves to any theory it is the broadest one which can be formulated from contemporary thought. They have avoided, on the one hand, that exclusive concern with such abstractions as "form" and "style" which proves so sterile in dealing with an art as intimately related as is current fiction with the actual business of living; and they have, on the other hand, equally avoided that tendency to regard the novel as a mere sociological disputation—which proves, indeed, the exact modern equivalent of the medieval theory of the sugar-coated pill. To the psychologist they grant his contention that the creator of an imaginative work is, at least in many cases, projecting his own soul; but they transcend the psychologist's conception of the purely therapeutic function of such works by a strong insistence upon the fact, intuitively recognized by every intelligent reader, that the result of perusing the novels of, let us say, Henry James, is something a good deal more than a mere realization of the predicament, so acutely analyzed by Van Wyck Brooks, in which James, half American and half European, found himself. There is—and this, rather than the ability to make a clinical diagnosis, is our chief gain—an enrichment of our own capacity for experience. Thanks to it we are enabled to live in a more vivid and varied manner.

Now, as Miss Brewster and Mr. Burrell imply without exactly stating, the real test of the value of any critical theory is not the judgments which it leads us to pronounce but the enrichments of aesthetic experience which it enables us to make. Its value must be determined not by its completeness and truth but pragmatically by the fruitfulness of the attempts to apply it, since a theory which, however true, remains barren in its applications is of no particular value, while one which is much less comprehensive may furnish a valuable instrument in making literary explorations. Consequently the authors of "Dead Reckonings" have devoted a great deal more space to application than to the mere defense of their thesis. They have not attempted to prove from it what writers are best, but they have instead accepted the fact, doubtless discovered empirically, that certain writers, especially Anatole France, Henry James, Dostoevsky, and May Sinclair, have seemed to them of particular interest, and they have embarked upon an effort to interpret these writers by means of the implement at hand. The result is a complete pragmatic justification of their method since it has enabled them fruitfully to discuss their subject. I happen, personally, to believe that the theory which they have stated is the most nearly adequate one which it is possible at the present time to formulate, but the value of their book does not depend upon the truth of this judgment, since the value of the theory as a working hypothesis is clearly demonstrated. James, Dostoevsky, and the rest do indubitably take on a new significance and a new interest when studied in their relations to it, just as other writers took on a new significance and interest when they were studied from the standpoint of Taine's theory that writers are the product of their social environment. Recently augmented knowledge of the psychology of the individual has shown conclusively enough that Taine's hypothesis was not as complete as he imagined, but the value of his interpretations remains; and, no matter what may be the future developments of psychology and aesthetics, the way in which the authors of the present book look at their subjects must remain at the very least one of the revealing ways at which they can be looked. "Dead Reckonings" seems to me one of the most significant studies of the modern novel because it contains both a definitely formulated method and a series of examples of the manner in which that method may fruitfully be applied.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Unclean Peace

La Paix malpropre. Par Alcide Ebray. Milan: Società Editrice "Unitas." 35 francs.

THIS book constitutes the third of a triptych prepared by M. Ebray on the general problems left by the war. Two other studies, "Le Crime de 1914-1918" and "Chiffons de papier," deal with war origins and with the violations of treaties committed by both sides before and during the conflict. The author devotes his first chapters to a rapid synopsis of the ideas embodied in these two volumes and then proceeds to his main purpose, which is a thorough and impartial criticism of the "unclean" spirit of the Versailles Treaty.

M. Ebray's thesis may be summed up as follows: In 1918 Germany was lured into accepting an armistice after the publication of President Wilson's famous "points," which Germany believed were to form the basis of the coming peace negotiations. After the signing of an armistice the unprecedented stipulations of which were tantamount to a complete disarmament of the German army and navy the Allies at the Versailles Conference wilfully imposed upon Germany much harder conditions than those set forth in President Wilson's documents and speeches. In June of 1919 Germany, whose population was being starved by the blockade which the Allies maintained throughout the negotiations, had no option but to accept the treaty imposed upon her.

This attitude of the Allies constituted a flagrant violation of the third point in Wilson's address at Mount Vernon—"the consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct toward each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern states in their relations with one another—to the end that all promises . . . may be sacredly observed. . . ." Although one may not agree with M. Ebray as to Germany's ability to hold out much longer at the beginning of November, 1918, one cannot but subscribe to his energetic characterization of the Allies' violation of the "principles of honor" as a *félonie.*

The various chapters of the book build up an analysis of the provisions of the Versailles Treaty considered in the light of

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Wilson's principles. If one bears in mind that the purpose of the Peace Conference was "only to agree upon the *practical details of application* of President Wilson's terms," one cannot help agreeing with M. Ebray that a conference which left such a wide gap between the promises made and their actual fulfilment was a mere farce and the outcome of it a monument of injustice.

M. Ebray's work is a worthy contribution to the current discussion of World War problems, and deserves to occupy an important place among the books of the numerous French writers—Gouttenoire de Toury, Morhardt, Renouvin, Fabre-Luce, Judet, Demartial, Margueritte, and others—who are devoting untiring efforts to the cause of justice and truth.

VINCENT GUILLOTON

Rhetoric on the Court

Sovereign States and Suits v. States. By James Brown Scott. The New York University Press. $6.

THIS is a reprint of six elegant lectures delivered at New York University to young gentlemen studying law. The orations deal with high themes—efforts toward peace through arbitration and judicial process. The World Court looms before us; hence this book deserves review.

Largely, the volume is a piece of special pleading; it dwells on the beneficent function of the Supreme Court of the United States in adjudicating controversies between the States, and it applies these suggestive precedents to present world-court problems. Unfortunately, however, the author draws the cloak of silence over such painful scenes as the Dred Scott decision, the Booth case, and the Civil War.

Thus the trouble with the book is that it fails to probe. Indeed, in discussing the World Court Professor Scott wholly blinks the bed-rock question of enforceability of decrees. With a gesture truly magnificent he declares that "the American method made the Court and realized the hopes of men and women of good-will in all parts of the world who dreamed of the day when the powerless hand of justice should stay the sword of the mighty." This is a lovely lyric, but we should have preferred a realistic discussion of Article XIII of the Covenant of the League (under which the present World Court has been created), which declares:

> The members of the League agree that they will carry out . . . any . . . decision that may be rendered and that they will not resort to war against a member of the League which complies therewith. In the event of any failure to carry out such an award or decision, the Council shall propose what steps should be taken to give effect thereto.

Since war is not to be resorted to against nations complying with the Court's decision, what of those who disobey? Will that close corporation, that international Holy of Holies, the Council of the League, declare war on them? With these unpleasant matters Professor Scott does not mar his rosy picture of a world swayed to peace by the "powerless hand of justice."

The confounded scientists have so multiplied death-dealing armaments as almost to spoil mankind's favorite divertissement—the game of war. A world court becomes a crying need. What sort of court is it that the League has really offered us? A court of justice or of arms? How far do the conflicting political, ethnological, and economic interests of the present world limit the analogy presented by the relation of the Supreme Court of the United States to the States? On these questions Professor Scott could have thrown light if instead of developing commonplaces of constitutional history at tedious length he had used his erudition in a hand-to-hand grapple with contemporary realities.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG

Amy Lowell

What's O'Clock. By Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.25.

WALDO FRANK in "Our America" calls Amy Lowell "the first American man of letters," and the designation is a particularly happy one. Not that her work is typically American in any overt sense—as is, for instance, the work of Sandburg or of any one of half a dozen writers I could name. A certain pallor of personality that she transmitted to her work—a pallor that is not the paleness of an opaque substance but of a thin and clear light—is subtly suggestive of New England. Otherwise she was not the kind of writer who becomes representative of a young country or movement. And of that violent and reproductive American spirit, the spirit of New York, that is passion cemented in stone, she felt, or at least expressed, nothing. The one pioneering passion indubitably hers was energy—the energy of a mind stimulated by much and good reading and prodded by a dominant will to like achievements. An instinctive connoisseur of words, she had all the fastidiousness of the literary taster. Admiring the masters of literature, she desired a place among them, and, in a sense, attained it. She was almost as striking an example of the self-made artist as was Flaubert or as were the Goncourt brothers. With a drier and more meager emotional stratum than any of these, she shared their indefatigable industry and patience for research. And though wanting Flaubert's lusty fleshhood, she had his power of visualizing and vividly depicting past events. In Amy Lowell the explorer did not include the discoverer. She was a digger in the tombs of kings, but though she laid bare the bones she did not reconstruct their contours nor blow into them the breath of life. Perhaps her own spiritual vitality was insufficient for this. Her mental vivacity was not in the nature of an overflow. It did not compel a concentration of the forces in that uprising and outgoing of consciousness that we recognize as creative expression.

Always she was the true craftsman, incapable of pose or of slipshod workmanship. But her often fine artistic expression seems to have been the result of secondary rather than of primary aesthetic emotion. To the last she came nearest not in the greatly overestimated Patterns but in the lovely and tender Lilacs in "What's O'Clock." These lilacs,

> False blue,
> White,
> Purple,
> Color of lilac,

are not merely outlines of painted petals. They retain all the pain of growing things, so that the delicate tints glow like blood. It is color—the pale sharp color of New England—coming up as out of snowed-in roots.

> Roots of lilac under all the soil of New England,
> Lilac in me because I am New England.

But generally she recognized only the beauty that had already, in some form, been filtered through another mind. She did not permit herself direct contact with the raw ores of things. And she apparently cared little for the larger aspects of nature, although she often noted, and interpreted with a poignant delicacy, some graceful detail:

> . . . the curve of a blue bay beyond the railroad track
> Is shrill and sweet to me like the sudden springing of a tune.

Miss Lowell had, in a remarkable degree, the capacity for orderly thought combined with mental clarity and the power of intense concentration. This combination of qualities enabled her to carry such sustained efforts as the "Keats" and some of the longer poems to a triumphant conclusion. Though with all her comprehensive outlook she had little intuitive

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aesthetic vision, she retained to the last, undiminished, her eager and piquant perceptivity; and "What's O'Clock" contains, I think, her finest poems. Flaws a plenty may be found, but it is a book which none can demolish. Brittle much of it is, but it is the brittleness of stained glass which, when shivered into bits, retains not only its polish but its intrinsic luster.

I feel that, despite her well-organized mind and the orderly procession of her thought, Miss Lowell's work lacks unity in the deeper sense. Factual unity is there, but that living, vibrating thread that should bind the whole together in a kind of Siva dance is missing. Its outward semblance is achieved by the cohesion of words which, poured out hot, adhere to one another without the aid of a central cord. Except in Lilacs and a very few other poems her aesthetic color is applied from without. It is not a welling of color from within, such as one finds in the poems of Bodenheim and Marianne Moore—I instance these two because their work, like Miss Lowell's, is charged by an intellectual rather than by an emotional intensity. And while Amy Lowell used words as rapiers they remain always foils. They draw, and shed, no blood. Even Evelyn Ray, in spite of its vividness and dramatic qualities, remains a bloodless tragedy.

It is difficult now, and impossible in the short space of a review, to attempt to estimate Miss Lowell's importance to her age and to America. Like all fine craftsmen whose first loyalty is to self-expression she has a definite place in this as she would have had in any other age. She did valiant service for her craft and for many of her contemporaries. Yet I find in her work scarcely a hint of hidden reservoirs. So completely has she sounded her own shallows, missing no pink curl of a shell or glint of a single bright-colored pebble, that one feels that all has been exquisitely said. She was not a great artist. But she was, and will probably remain, a spectacular and scintillating figure in American letters.

LOLA RIDGE

In Charleston

Porgy. By DuBose Heyward. George H. Doran Company. $2.

DUBOSE HEYWARD, white man and native of Charleston, has built up in "Porgy" a fresh and finished picture of the soul of the simple Southern Negro. As a racial outsider, who for all his candor and sympathy stands inescapably apart from his subject, Mr. Heyward still writes with an unerring certitude, an assured intimacy. This is in the main possible because the theme of "Porgy" is not essentially a Negro theme; it is a general one, tempered by the particular traditions and superstitions of its locale. Were this a tale of the Negro's sundered world, his inner and insular reaction to the alien life about him, one would marvel at the white author's intuition and subjective accuracy; it is, instead, a unified drama of human passions independent of their setting.

The stripped story could occur in a hundred different places. It could flash its course in a French fishing village; its tragedy could beat forward to a conclusion, as Tess's does, along the green countryside of England. Mr. Heyward places it in his own city of Charleston, among the swarming Negroes who inhabit the tenement called Catfish Row. And because he writes with poetry and penetration his story is a moving one; because he writes with detachment and tenderness, from keen-eyed acquaintance with these people, a fusion of comedy and tragedy is delicately achieved. His full-blooded Negro dozing in atavistic calm beneath the noonday glare of the sunlight; the primitive bestial fight; the hysteria of the funeral gathering, breaking into prayers and spirituals, and the plunging crowd of mourners sweeping out of the cemetery because "De las' man in de grabe-yahd goin' tuh be de nex' one tuh git buried"—these are episodes of admirable force. And the hurricane is worthy of Conrad.

LENORE G. MARSHALL

Books in Brief

A Treatise on International Law. By William Edward Hall. Eighth edition edited by A. Pearce Higgins. Oxford University Press. $12.

They should stop publishing new editions of this once standard treatise. One could hardly gather from the text or from the notes by the editor that a very considerable number of the so-called laws of war for the protection of neutrals were egregiously violated by the British Government in the late war, to the permanent injury of international law as a moderator of unrestrained force. For a British publicist to point to German conduct in the late war as violative of international law, while seeking to justify British conduct from a legal standpoint, seems ironic. The editor deludes himself into the belief that Great Britain has not indulged in the confiscation of private property, because the German Government "assumed" the obligation to pay its expropriated nationals—though the Allies have consistently prevented Germany from performing the obligation. Having now through its notes become a "patriotic" book, Hall's work has lost much of its value as a scientific treatise.

The Real Boy and the New School. By A. E. Hamilton. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

Mr. Hamilton has lived with boys in camp and field and in the class-room; knowing them in their own worlds, he has gained an insight into their inner life; boy psychology has taught him that the real boy is not the conventional boy. Right attitudes toward life and work, the control of the passions, the gaining of self-knowledge without introspection, the capacity for team work—this is the training which he would give. Through all this runs the idea of the conflict between the desires of youth and the fears of adults concerning them. A country made up of men so trained will act coherently in emergencies, for such men will have learned to be citizens in a democracy.

Boileau and the French Classical Critics in England (1660-1830). By A. F. B. Clark. Paris: Édouard Champion.

It would be difficult to imagine a more satisfactory monograph than Mr. Clark's. Dealing chiefly, of course, with Boileau, it avoids both the major and the minor pedantries which beset the study of literary "influences" at the same time that it accepts the whole responsibility involved. With ample learning, excellent taste, and saving humor Mr. Clark proceeds to show as nearly as possible the total effect of a great French critic and poet upon English literature during a century and a half. Boileau as a critic might have been treated by almost any scholar industrious enough to extract opinions and compare passages; Boileau the poet, however, demanded a scholar with delicacy of perception and some knowledge of how writing is done. Mr. Clark, being sensitive as well as sedulous, has made it quite unnecessary for his subject to be taken up again.

Travel in England in the Seventeenth Century. By Joan Parkes. Oxford University Press. $7.

A richly illustrated and documented account of roads, conveyances, lodgings, officials, and highwaymen; a significant chapter in social history.

Movements in European History. By D. H. Lawrence. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

"Intended for adolescents," this book, first published in 1921 as by Lawrence H. Davison, celebrates the surging energies which moved the peoples of Europe between the death of

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Rome and the birth of a unified Germany. With few of the marks of Mr. Lawrence's famous style, it has his point of view toward the "unknown powers" within the animal man; and it is creditable history.

Atlantis in America. By Lewis Spence. Brentano's. $4.

The author of "The Problem of Atlantis" here confines to the American continent his search for traces of the civilization in which he so passionately believes.

NOTE: Through an error the catalog of "German Books" reviewed in *The Nation* for November 18 was given as a publication of the Columbia University Press.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1925 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Tuesday, December 1, and not later than Thursday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 10, 1926.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Art

Fernand Léger

TAKEN in a purely formal sense every art movement of any consequence is a congeries of certain technical methods which in their totality differentiate it from every other movement. Cubism, essentially intellectual in its nature, has a well-articulated system of principles and is supported by a goodly amount of analytic reasoning. Cubism begins by a rather conservative revision of an academic formula. The academic picture shows as many facets of an object as can be seen at one glance. Cubism assumes it to be perfectly logical to show more: its back and bottom along with its sides and front; its internal structure along with its external aspect (*simultanéisme*).

If carried to great length this procedure would result in an ultra-realism and end in confusion. The cubists, therefore, took the method early under control. Since their aim is not objective truth but plastic significance, they have ever been ready to sacrifice the former to the latter whenever the two come into conflict, as happens not infrequently. For the utilitarian and aesthetic functions of concrete objects are disparate. The structure of a chair or a teapot answers to a definite function. The chair is built to sit on, the pot to boil water in. Now these objects, however useful in their practical application, may be, in whole or in part, entirely superfluous as compositional units in a picture. In such cases doing violence to natural appearance is entirely justified. Accordingly, to obtain certain harmonious or contrasting relations it sometimes becomes necessary to seek in one object the elements lacking in another. Certain objects might be welded into a unit and kept in one plane (*complémentarisme*); other objects, on the contrary, might be dissected and distributed through several planes (*divisionisme*). In this manner would be established a measured coordination among all the elements—volume, plane, line, color, light—which produce a self-contained work of art.

This is not the whole of cubism, but this is as much as Léger's work illustrates in various degrees (Société Anonyme: Anderson Galleries). For the rest, he differs from most cubists in his predilection for bright, decorative color-combinations and in his preference for mechanical and urban subjects. And while his themes make him the most contemporary of all cubists his polychrome effects in geometric pattern (common to many cubists) endow his work with a wide appeal. For it is one of the few fairly established laws in the more than dismal science of aesthetics that ornamental design in all ages and among all peoples, whether it begin by imitating the shape of man, of animal, or of plant, tends to assume a geometric pattern, so that frequently its origins become unrecognizable.

Léger's work is in this quality akin to all folk art both in its genesis—reflecting a contemporary theme—and in its goal—creating a harmonious pattern. This is, probably, also the reason why Léger's work lends itself so readily to application. His decorations for the Swedish Ballet (Skating Rink, Création du Monde), his sets for the cinema (Marcel L'Herbier's "L'Inhumaine"), and his book illustrations (Ivan Goll's "Chapliniade," Blaise Cendrar's "La Fin du Monde") are excellent.

Léger himself is of the opinion that the utility of anything does not necessarily detract from its beauty (La Beauté est partout). In fact, he unhesitatingly affirms that the proportion of beauty among machine-made things manufactured with the aid of anonymous artisans is greater by far than it is among pretentious pictures turned out by titled academicians. But he is careful to point out ("L'Esthétique de la Machine") that these factory products are to be enjoyed for their own sake, because like all beautiful things they are uncopiable.

The influence of mechanical industrial civilization on art is indirect and, therefore, all the more subtle. The economy in the use of materials, the logic of their coordination, the precision of their functioning, the abstract geometric contour of their mass fill our environment, affect our vision, enter our consciousness, fashion our tastes.

The theory of an artist is usually a rationalization of his own practice. Léger's work is charged with the rhythm of the present mechanized world. Some forms employed by him are borrowed from it and used in novel combinations, others are suggested by it and transmuted beyond recognition. In the end objective verisimilitude yields to aesthetic reality.

French art has had a wide though not always salutary influence on modern art in America. Léger is one of the very few whose work pleads with American artists for an American orientation, a closer contact with their industrial civilization so rich in plastic possibilities, and a consequent florescence of an original indigenous art. By a common perversity of circumstances this is precisely the message least heeded.

LOUIS LOZOWICK

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Drama

The Unco Guid

DURING the seventeen years that Ludwig Thoma's satiric comedy "Morals" (Comedy Theater) has awaited an American production much water has flowed under dramatic bridges. Respectability has received a good many hard knocks during the interim, and the crash of falling idols does not startle as violently as once it did. The idea that a prostitute may have a more decent sense of fair play than a vice crusader has been gradually transformed from a paradox into something dangerously near a theatrical platitude, and the emotions with which we watch the too virtuous go down are not quite what they were when the spectacle was more refreshingly new. Though I am far from denying that it is still pleasant to see the pompously moral trip up, yet I must confess that my emotion flows in a well-worn groove and that before the curtain of such a play as "Morals" goes up I am as intellectually convinced of all that it will demonstrate as any devotee of conventional melodrama was ever convinced of the rightness of the sentiments which he applauded when the upright hero snatched the heroine from the arms of the city-bred villain who was persecuting her. Through the course of time critical plays cease to seem acutely critical, and Thoma's story of the reformer who is reformed when his own particular bawdy house is raided by the police has, without ceasing to be amusing, been transformed into something not much more important than a diverting farce. Thanks to its author's very genuine sense of fun it remains even now highly ludicrous, but it seems, as social satire, somewhat commonplace and superficial since it arouses no new thought and releases no new emotion.

Intellectually the best scene is that in which the reformer is driven to a *reductio ad absurdum* of his position and maintains that the important thing is not that the upper classes should be moral but that, for the edification of the masses and the security of the social order, they should seem to be. There are, also, passages in which the dialogue achieves an excruciatingly absurd irony—passages like the one in which the president of the vice society explains his fall with the words: "You have no idea how hard it was for me to overcome my principles—but I *did* overcome them," or like that other in which the self-sacrificing student of obscene literature proves the danger of such abominations by admitting that upon one occasion their influence corrupted even him—but intellectually the play suffers from the defect inherent in all plays based upon the Tartufe motif. The assumption that the puritanical priest is always or even usually ready to seduce the daughters of his admirers or that the reformer is himself actually a practitioner of the vices against which he declaims is an assumption more dangerous to the cause of those who make it than it is to the cause of the professional reformer. Unfortunately the hypocrisy of the unco guid is not usually of so obvious a sort, and there are doubtless crusaders whose actual lives could bear the most rigid of investigations. I am perfectly sure that Mr. Volstead doesn't drink, and so far as I know no scandal has ever attached itself to the name of Mr. Sumner. "Tartufe" and "Morals" leave their withers unwrung, and no satire which fails to touch the guiding spirits of the movement against which it is directed can be counted very effective for its purpose. It is not, as Gibbon said in one of the most poisonous of all his poisonous sentences, the vices but the virtues of the clergy which make them dangerous.

Perhaps one does always lust after the indulgences which one would deny to others, and perhaps the prosecutor of obscene literature is at bottom gratifying the same desires as those who purchase in more frank self-knowledge; but lusts are not always directly gratified nor motives consciously realized, and the psychology of reformers is not completely exposed when one of them is shown seeking consolation in the arms of a prostitute. Freud understands the real Tartufes more completely than Moliére was ever able to understand them, and no satire upon the vice crusader can be very profound which does not allow a larger place to rationalizations and sublimations than it does to the relatively undangerous vice of conscious hypocrisy.

The chief distinction of the production given the play in question by the Actors' Theater is the result of the very capable acting of a newcomer who goes under the name of Marian Warring Manley and who contributes a very effective interpretation of the role of the discreet prostitute. The piece is played—wisely I think—in a rather broad manner by an adequate but, with the exception made above, undistinguished cast.

The text used is that of the translation made and published some years ago by Charles Recht; though it has been tinkered with by Sidney Howard. "Morals" remains, in spite of its defects, one of the most interesting plays in a season which has not, so far, set any very high standard.

Two other plays of the week concern themselves with the serious discussion of contemporary life. "Young Blood" (Ritz Theater), by James Forbes, the long silent author of "The Chorus Lady," rejoices in a remarkable cast, including Norman Trevor, Florence Eldridge, and Helen Hayes. Thanks partly to them it succeeds in being a continuously interesting comedy-drama without ever going very deeply into that criticism of the "younger generation" which the author apparently intended. Rachel Crothers's "A Lady's Virtue" (Bijou Theater) contains scenes embodying some shrewd observation of American life, but its discussion of muddled morality does little more than increase the muddle. When, for example, the husband concerned, after spending a week with a fascinating opera singer, readily forgives himself he has to know that his wife has not actually yielded to her lover before he is willing to take her back. Miss Crothers seems to consider this exiguousness less the result of general caddishness than some sort of tribute to the purity of womanhood. The piece is effectively if not very subtly acted by Mary and Florence Nash. "The Deacon" (Harris Theater) is a well-made comedy built exclusively for not very sophisticated audiences. It serves its purpose very well indeed.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Czecho-Slovak Elections

By JOHN O. CRANE

THE outstanding result of the general elections held in Czecho-Slovakia on November 15 is that the parliamentary majority of the present Coalition Government under Premier Svehla was slashed to a nominal figure. Preliminary estimates gave the Coalition only about 158 votes out of a total of 300.

Thus the Coalition as it now stands is doomed. Created during the war on the program of a united front against Austria, it served the new-born republic through many perils and vicissitudes. As the Coalition functioned through a caucus of the leaders of the five major Czecho-Slovak parties it was called the Petka, or Big Five. An outgrowth of the original revolutionary committee, the Petka jealously guarded its extra-legal powers. Thus decisions in the first instance were always reached in the Petka, and later referred to Parliament or the Cabinet, as the case might be, for regularization. Despite its shortcomings the Petka has been a veritable source of strength to the new parliamentary regime in Czecho-Slovakia.

Suffrage is universal and equal in Czecho-Slovakia, and the exercise of this right is compulsory to all eligible citizens. Punishment for non-voting is relatively severe; in the first instances, fines, and, later on, imprisonment from one day to a week. Extenuating circumstances, such as illness, are, however, recognized by the authorities. This provision for compulsory voting means that more than half the population take part in general elections. Further, there is proportional, not geographical, representation, and votes must be cast according to strict party lists. A party need therefore capture but a single seat to have its leader elected to Parliament, as he is naturally put first on the party list. Finally, for the sake of public convenience, elections are always held on Sunday.

Though final returns from the recent elections in Czecho-Slovakia have not yet reached this country, the changes in the lower house approximately are:

	1920	1925
Czecho-Slovak Coalition Parties		
Agrarians	42	44
Clericals	21	31
Social Democrats	55	29
National Socialists	27	28
Nationalists	22	13
New Industrialists	6	13
Total Coalition	173	158
Opposition Parties		
Communists	22	42
German-Magyar Agrarians	13	23
Slovak Clericals	11	21
German-Magyar Social Democrats	30	19
German-Magyar Clericals	9	14
German-Magyar Nationalists	10	11
German-Magyar National Socialists	5	8
Minor parties	21	4
Total Opposition	121	142
Total Parliament	294	300

The above table shows that the Coalition majority has been cut from 173 to 158 seats. The first five parties on the list have hitherto made up both the Petka and the Government, but there is no question that the new Industrialist Party will join the ranks of the reorganized Coalition. With the exception of the not unexpected triumph of the Communists at the expense of the Czecho-Slovak Social Democrats there has been little change in the relative strength of the Coalition in Parliament.

Let us first probe the causes of the rout of the Social Democratic forces. In 1920 the Social Democrats came into Parliament with nearly twice as many seats (about seventy-five) as any other party. At that time, however, the Communists formed the left wing of the party. After the failure of the Communist coup in December, 1920, the latter group broke away from the Social Democrats, taking with them some twenty-two Deputies. Local elections held in 1923 and 1924, however, revealed that these twenty-two seats came nowhere near representing the strength of the Communist Party in the country at large. About two years ago the Social Democrats had the misfortune of losing their able leader, Tusar, who had been twice Premier. Since Tusar's death the Social Democrats have degenerated into doctrinaire, nineteenth-century Marxists.

It should be further noted that the Communists, the only party in Czecho-Slovakia which cuts through national lines, have also gained at the expense of the German-Magyar Social Democrats. During the last year or two the Communist Party has been torn by internal dissensions as to whether it should continue its Moscow affiliations. The more moderate elements declared Soviet tactics could not be used in a highly organized country like Czecho-Slovakia, whereas those "encouraged" by the Third International violently opposed this view. While this basic internal issue is probably not settled forever, the anti-Moscow forces were routed, and a definite, positive program was adopted which spelled the ruin of the Social Democrats.

Looking again at the above table, we see that within both the Coalition and the Opposition there has been a distinct drift toward the right. Here the increased strength shown by the three branches of the Clericals, which, like the Agrarians, draw most of their votes from rural districts, is especially worthy of note.

First of all let us examine the position of the Czech Clerical Party whose gains in the recent elections were not entirely foreseen. Earlier in the year public opinion in Czecho-Slovakia was divided over the proposal of celebrating Huss Day (July 6) for the first time in history. Jan Huss is a national as well as a religious figure in Czech history. The Clericals as Catholics were, of course, forced to oppose any recognition of Huss's historical position, but, on the other hand, the Czech Clericals, though reactionary, have always been a patriotic party for political reasons. Here we run straight into the most puzzling political paradox in present-day Czecho-Slovakia. Contrary to specific instructions from the Vatican and the higher clergy, the Czech Clerical Party supported the Government in favor of the Huss holiday on the distinct theory that if they were to withdraw from the Cabinet the Socialists would be in position to push through the incompleted program for the separation of church and state. Thus one of the big issues of the electoral campaign was

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the religious issue, and the Clerical successes throughout the country are another indication of the Catholic reaction which is gaining headway all over Europe.

With respect to Clerical gains in Slovakia the situation is entirely different. Despite what Professor Seton-Watson calls the most remarkable example of cultural progress to be found in modern history, discontent in Slovakia is wide-spread. Under the able and adventurous leadership of Father Hlinka, the Slovak People's Party has effectively capitalized the war cry of local autonomy which will free Slovakia from the domination of Prague bureaucratism. When noting the Clerical successes in Slovakia it must be remembered that these people, as a result of a thousand years under Magyar rule, have had very little experience with representative government. Thus when Dr. Benes was Prime Minister a peasant deputation from Slovakia told him in all seriousness that to them autonomy meant paying no taxes.

Of particular danger to the liberal and socialist forces in the republic is the possibility of a union between the Czech and the Slovak Clericals, which would give them a total representation in Parliament of some fifty-two seats. Though the Czecho-Slovak Agrarians have now only some forty-four seats, there is little likelihood that they will form a single party with the German-Magyar Agrarians to bring their total up to some sixty-seven seats. Thus with these fifty-two seats the new Czecho-Slovak People's Party, as it might be called, would have a right to demand the office of premier, which is now held by the Agrarian leader, Svehla. So long as Svehla lives there is little likelihood that this master politician can be removed from office, but his health for years has been anything but robust. Nevertheless, excluding for the time being the possibility of a consolidation of Clerical forces, it seems certain that the Socialists are no longer in position to have great influence on the policy of the revamped Coalition.

There is a story which is an excellent illustration of the political philosophy of Svehla. During the Communist danger in 1920, referred to above, the Communist leader met Svehla in the lobby of Parliament and boasted to him that a proletarian dictatorship would soon be set up in Czecho-Slovakia which would annihilate his (Svehla's) and all other parties. Svehla replied to the Communist taunt that the dictatorship would not fundamentally affect party strife, and that if necessary he and his Agrarians would join the Communist ranks and beat them within the bosom of their own party.

Though the gains of Svehla's party in the late elections have been slight, the Agrarians' position is well fortified. This for two reasons: (1) It is the only Czecho-Slovak party which has effectively extended its influence into Slovakia, and (2) it is largely responsible for the putting into execution of the land reform under which, at the expense of the large land-owners more than half a million hectares have already been distributed among half as many farmers.

Of some importance to the Coalition is the rise of the new Industrialist Party, which roughly represents what we term the petty bourgeoisie. Largely because of able leadership and the organization of a concrete program, it proceeded to slaughter the Nationalists under ex-Premier Kramar, whose party is now identified with Big Business. The success of the Industrialists means that they will enter the new Cabinet with at least one portfolio at their disposal.

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It has been said that Benes personifies Czecho-Slovak foreign policy. This is true in the sense that his policy of conciliation is by far the best one for Czecho-Slovakia to pursue. Benes's party, the National Socialists, came out of the fray as the true liberal party. On the whole their position is sound. It is generally believed—and in my opinion, rightly—that Benes has no serious competitor for the portfolio of Foreign Minister. Though now forty-one years of age and in good health Benes has always worked under a tremendous strain. Should his health fail the direction of foreign affairs might fall to either the Agrarians or the Clericals. In the event of an Agrarian Foreign Minister the policy of Czecho-Slovakia abroad would be reintegrated along the lines of the Green International, which Svehla organized some years ago. Should the Clericals, on the other hand, get possession of the Foreign Office, there is no question that they would inaugurate a pro-Catholic policy. Change or no change, Czecho-Slovakia is inevitably drifting away from the French influence in her external affairs.

In order to facilitate a redistribution of ministerial offices which is now necessitated, the Svehla Cabinet has resigned. Though the Czecho-Slovak coalition system is more than likely to be preserved, it is now in order to dissolve the famous Petka.

Contributors to This Issue

H. L. SCAIFE is a Washington lawyer, formerly with the Army Air Service and the United States Department of Justice, who has been active in the air investigations. He contributed the leading article in last week's *Nation* and will write a third article in an early issue.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG is a New York lawyer.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun*, is sending *The Nation* biweekly letters from Washington.

JAMES RORTY won *The Nation's* poetry prize in 1921.

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD is director of information for the United States Department of Agriculture.

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LOLA RIDGE is a New York poet, author of "Ghetto" and "Sun-Up."

LENORE G. MARSHALL is a graduate of Barnard College.

LOUIS LOZOWICK is a New York artist. He made the drawings for Robert Wolf's scenario, "Loony," in *The Nation* for September 9, 1925.

JOHN O. CRANE has been for three years on the personal staff of President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia.

[Next week's Nation *will contain an answer by Manley O. Hudson to the articles on the World Court by James N. Rosenberg of which the third appears in this issue. It will be followed later by three articles from William Hard attacking the Court.]*

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